



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07494350 1

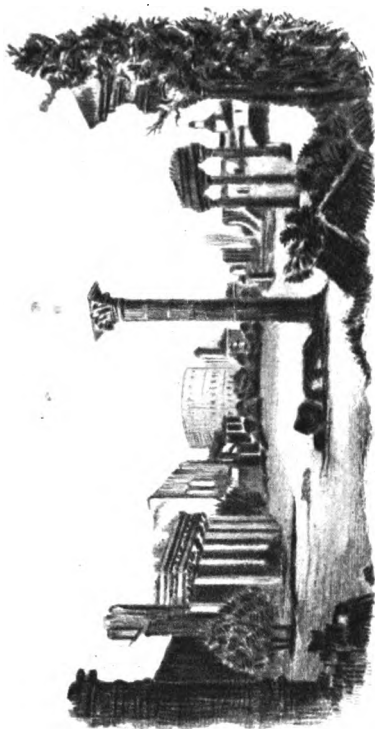


Alders

Burdians

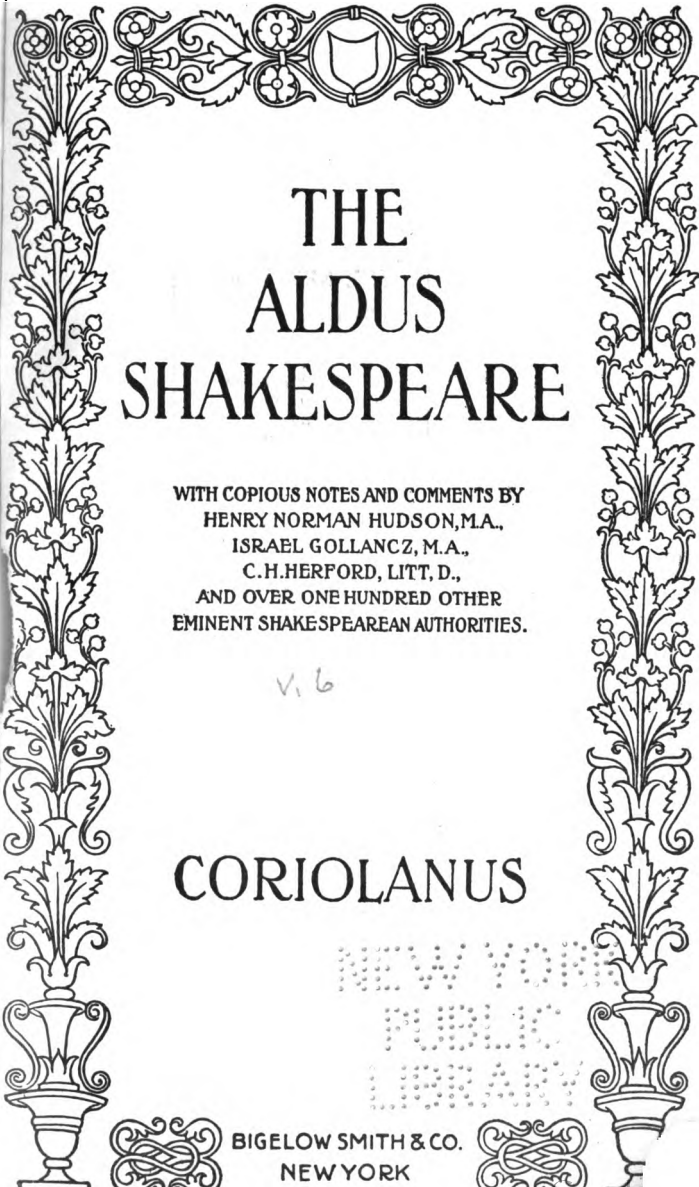






The Forum





THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

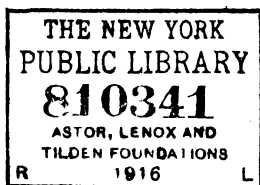
WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.,
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.,
C. H. HERFORD, LITT. D.,
AND OVER ONE HUNDRED OTHER
EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN AUTHORITIES.

V. 6

CORIOLANUS

BIGELOW SMITH & CO.
NEW YORK

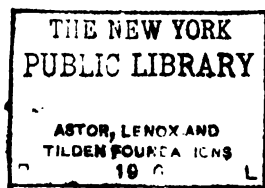
Digitized by Google



Copyright, 1909, by
Bigelow, Smith & Co.

ANDY WEN
CLUB
VIA RAIL

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS



All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H. = Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H. = C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

Coriolanus was first published in the Folio of 1623, where it was originally placed at the head of the division of "Tragedies," occupying pages 1-30; subsequently, however, *Troilus and Cressida* was placed before it. The text of the play is extremely unsatisfactory, due to the careless transcript put into the printers' hands.

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of November 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

There is no definite external evidence for the date of *Coriolanus*; ¹ general considerations of style, diction, and metrical tests ² point to 1608-1610 as the most probable years.

¹ The reference to the "ripest mulberry" (Act III. scene ii. line 79) was thought by Malone and Chalmers to bear on the date; for in 1609 the king made an attempt to encourage the breeding of silk-worms. Similarly, Chalmers found in the references to famine and death allusions to the year 1609. Political allusions have also been found. All these doubtful pieces of evidence seem utterly valueless.

² The light-endings and weak-endings, scanty in all the previous plays (the largest number being 21 of the former, and 2 of the latter, in *Macbeth*), reach the number of 71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*; 78 and 52 in *Cymbeline*; 42 and 25 in *The Tempest*; 57 and 43 in *The Winter's Tale*. All these are plays of Shakespeare's Fourth, or last, Period.

THE SOURCE OF THE PLOT

Coriolanus was directly derived from Sir Thomas North's famous version of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, the book to which Shakespeare was indebted also for his *Julius Caesar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and, to some extent, for *Timon of Athens*, and which has been fittingly described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." North's monumental version is one of the masterpieces of English prose, and no better proof exists than a comparison of the play with its original. Shakespeare has borrowed North's very vocabulary, and many of his most striking effects; so closely does he follow the whole history that North's prose may actually assist in restoring a defective passage; e.g. in Act II, sc. iii, ll. 257-258, the folio reads:—

"And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
Was his great Ancestor";

the lines are obviously corrupt, owing to the loss of some words, or of a whole line; the passage is adequately restored simply by "following Shakespeare's practice of taking so many of North's words in their order, as would fall into blank verse," and there is little doubt that it should be printed thus:—

"[And *Censorinus* that was so surnamed,]
And nobly named so, twice being *Censor*";

the words given in italics are those taken from North. As an instance of the closeness of the play to its original the following lines afford an excellent illustration:—

"Should we be silent *and not speak*, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither";

Shakespeare has here merely touched with the magic of his genius these words of North:—"If we held our peace

(my son) and determined *not to speak*, the *state* of our poor *bodies*, and present sight of *our raiment*, would easily *bewray* to thee *what life we have led* at home, *since thy exile* and abode abroad. But *think* how *with thyself*, how much *more unfortunately* ¹ *than all the women living we are come hither.*" The same correspondence is found in the other great speech of the play; "the two speeches," as Mr. George Wyndham excellently observes, "dressed the one in perfect prose, the other in perfect verse, are both essentially the same under their faintly yet magically varied raiment."

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer PLUTABKE OF CHÆRONIA, translated out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and out of French into English by THOMAS NORTH. 1579."

"*Unfortunately*" in the editions of 1579, 1595, 1603; but "*unfortunate*" in the 1612 edition; hence some scholars argue that Shakespeare must have used the late edition, and that the play must therefore be dated 1612 or after; the argument may, however, be used the other way round; the emendation in the 1612 edition of North may have been, and probably was, derived from Shakespeare's text.

In this connection it is worth while noting that there is a copy of the 1612 edition of North's *Plutarch* in the Greenock Library, with the initials "W. S." In the first place it is not certain that the signature is genuine; in the second, if it were proved to be Shakespeare's, it would merely seem that Shakespeare possessed this late edition of the work. *Julius Cæsar* is sufficient evidence that he possessed a copy of one of the early editions. It happens that in the Greenock copy there are some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and these seem to me to tell against the genuineness of the initials on the fly-leaf. *Vide Skeat's Shakespeare's Plutarch*, Introduction.

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of this play is eleven days represented on the stage with intervals, arranged as follows:—

- Day 1.* Act I, sc. i. *Interval.*
- Day 2.* Act I, sc. ii. *Interval.*
- Day 3.* Act I, sc. iii to x. *Interval.*
- Day 4.* Act II, sc. i. *Interval.*
- Day 5.* Act II, sc. ii to Act IV, sc. ii.
- Day 6.* Act IV, sc. iii.
- Day 7.* Act IV, sc. iv and v. *Interval.*
- Day 8.* Act IV, sc. vi. *Interval.*
- Day 9.* Act IV, sc. vii. *Interval.*
- Day 10.* Act V, sc. i–v.—*Interval.*
- Day 11.* Act V, sc. vi.

The actual Historical time represented in this play “comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the Mons Sacer in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A.U.C. 266” (*vide New Shak. Soc. Translations, 1877*).

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

The three great Roman plays, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Coriolanus*, made their first appearance in the folio of 1623, having been entered at the Stationers' in November of that year among the copies "not formerly entered to other men." This entry was to Edward Blount and Isaac Jaggard, the publishers of the original edition. It may be worth the while to observe here, that the words "not entered to *other* men" do not necessarily infer but that some of the plays in question may have been formerly entered to the *same* men, or to one of the same; as there is some reason for thinking that *Antony and Cleopatra* had been entered to Blount as early as 1608.

The historical matter of these three superb dramas appears to have been drawn almost entirely from Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, as set forth in the spirited and racy version of Sir Thomas North, which first came out in 1579, and went to a second edition in 1595. North's translation was avowedly made from the French of James Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre. It is as fine a specimen of robust and manly English as one need desire to see, and has the smack of an original work as strongly perhaps as any translation ever made into the same tongue. The book, though very large in size and very high in price, went through as many at least as five editions before 1632; which proves it to have been exceedingly popular, as indeed it had every right to be.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus stands the second in the division of tragedies, as originally published; the acts are

regularly marked, but not the scenes; the stage-directions are remarkably full and complete; while the text, though very well printed in the main, has perhaps a large number of difficult and seemingly-corrupt readings, than any other play in the volume. Some of these readings have hitherto baffled and nonplussed all the resources of editorial ingenuity and learning. Several of them, however, have, we think, at length been greatly relieved, if not entirely removed, by the help of the manuscript corrections lately discovered by Mr. Collier in a copy of the second folio; which presents a greater number of valuable new readings in this play than in any other where we have thus far consulted it. Several important corrections from this source we have adopted with little hesitation, and some with none; not indeed from any *authority* which they may be supposed to carry, but from what seems to us their intrinsic fitness and propriety.

As to the date of the writing of *Coriolanus*, we have no external evidence whatsoever. The internal evidence of meter, diction, and temper refers it to the Poet's latest period of composition. In all the qualities of style and versification, it clearly falls into the same class with *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *King Henry VIII*, being as nearly like them as the difference of the subject-matter would readily admit. Malone, accordingly, assigns the year 1610 as the probable date of the writing. We should be strongly inclined to place it some three or four years later, partly from the cast and texture of the workmanship itself, and partly from the tradition, that Shakespeare continued to write for the stage after his retirement to Stratford. The most, however, that we can affirm with any great degree of confidence is, that *Coriolanus* was written somewhere between 1610 and the time of the Poet's death, which, as every reader ought to know, took place in April, 1616.

The more rigid and sceptical researches of our time have made great invasions upon the history of early Rome, as heretofore received, and some have even gone so far as to

question whether the whole story of Coriolanus were not a fiction. We mention this neither for the purpose of endorsing nor of opposing it; but merely as giving occasion for stating that it was a question with which the Poet had nothing to do, and did nowise concern himself. Like others of his time, he was content to take the rambling and credulous, but lively and graphic narratives of old Plutarch as veritable and authentic history. And he would have been every way justifiable in doing this, even if the later arts of historical doubting and sifting, together with the results thereof, had been at his command. For his business as an artist was, to set forth a free and lifelike portraiture of human character as modified by the old Roman nationality, and clothed with the drapery of the old Roman manners. Here, then, the garrulous and gossiping old story-teller of Cheronea was just the man for him; since it will hardly be questioned that his tales, whether half legendary or not, are replete with the spirit and life of the times and places to which they refer. The Poet would have made sorry work indeed, had he used, like our modern historical abstractionists, the methods of cross-questioning all his matter, and so proceeded by receiving nothing as true to life but what make good its ground against him as fact.

The events of the drama now in hand, as related by Plutarch, extend over a period of about four years, beginning with the popular secession of Mons Sacer in the 262d year of Rome, and ending with the hero's death, in the 266th. Our abstract from the history includes nearly all the matter used by the Poet, and is made, as far as practicable, in the very words of the old translator; our aim being, to give a faithful showing of what the Poet borrowed, so that the reader may justly estimate both his obligations and his additions.

After relating the popular insurrection with which the play opens, the founding of the Tribunitian office, and the appointment of the first Tribunes, the narrative goes on substantially as follows:

Hereupon the city being grown again to good quiet and unity, the people went to the wars, showing that they had a good will to do better than ever. Marcius also, though it liked him nothing to see the greatness of the people thus increased, did persuade the Patricians to show themselves no less forward to fight for their country than the common people were, and to let them know by their deeds, that they did not so much pass the people in power and riches as in true nobility and valiantness. In the country of the Volsces, with whom the Romans were then at war, there was a principal city called Corioli, against which the Consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore the other Volsces, fearing lest the city should be taken by assault, came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to make an onset on them in two several places. The Consul, understanding this, divided his army into two parts, and, taking one part with himself, marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part he left in the camp with Titus Lartius, to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Volsces, making small account of them that lay before the city, made a sally upon them, in which at the first they had the better, and drave the Romans back into their trenches. But Marcius, running out of the camp with a few men, slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight, with a loud voice. Then there flocked about him a great number of Romans, so that the enemies presently gave back: but he, not staying so, did chase them to the gates; and there, perceiving that the Romans retired, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city; and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture to follow the flying enemies; he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that fortune had opened the gates more for the followers than the fliers. Notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him.

Howbeit, he thrust himself into the gates of the city amongst them that fled, not one of them daring at the first to turn upon him, or offer to stay him. But he, seeing that he was in the city with very few men to help him, and that his enemies gathered about him to set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand as also for the agility of his body, making a lane through the midst of them, and overthrowing those he layed at; that some he made run to the farthest part of the city, and others he made yield themselves and let fall their weapons before him. By this means he got out, and had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city.

The city being thus taken, most of the soldiers forthwith went to looking after spoils; whereupon Marcius, being very angry, cried out to them that they should leave spoiling, and wind themselves out of peril: howbeit, say to them what he could, very few would hearken to him. Wherefore, taking those that willingly offered themselves, he went out of the city toward that part where the rest of the army was, exhorting them by the way not to be faint-hearted; and, oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious unto him, that he might come in a good hour to hazard his life in defense of his countrymen. Now the Romans, when put in battle array, had a custom to make their wills at that instant, without any manner of writing, only naming their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Marcius came just while the soldiers were doing after that sort, and the enemies were approached so near as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him all bloody and in a sweat, with few men following him, some began to be afraid; but, soon after, seeing him run with a lively cheer to the Consul and take him by the hand, then they all began to call upon the Consul to give charge upon the enemy. Marcius asked him how the order of the enemies' battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The Consul made answer, that he thought the bands in their

vanward were the Antiates, whom they esteemed their warlikest men. Then prayed Marcius to be set directly against them; which the Consul granted, greatly praising his courage. When both armies came almost to join, Marcius advanced a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vanward, that they could no longer stand in his hands. But the two wings turned one to the other, to compass him in between; which the Consul perceiving sent thither of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvelous bloody about Marcius, and in a short space many were slain in the place: but in the end the Romans were so strong that they distressed the enemies, broke their array, and made them fly. Then they prayed Marcius that he would retire into the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the pains he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had on him. But he answered, that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be faint-hearted; and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown.

The next morning, Marcius went to the Consul, and the other Romans with him. There the Consul, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army gave thanks to the gods for so great and glorious a victory; then spake to Marcius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, and willed him that he should choose out of all the horses and all the goods, they had taken, ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to the others. Besides this, he gave him testimony that he had won the prize of prowess above all others, a goodly horse, with a caparison and all furniture to him; which the whole army beholding did marvelously commend. But Marcius, stepping forth, told the Consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his service had deserved his general's commendation; and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honorable recompense,

he would none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. Then the soldiers, hearing his words, made a marvelous great shout among them; and there were more that wondered at his abstinence, than there were that highly extolled his valiantness. After the noise was somewhat appeased, the Consul began to speak in this sort: "We cannot compel Marcius to take these gifts we offer him, but we will give him such a reward as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree, that henceforth he be called CORIOLANUS, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination." And so, ever since, he still bare the third name of Coriolanus.

When this war was ended, the flatterers of the people began to stir up sedition again, without any new occasion or just matter of complaint. For they did ground this second insurrection upon the people's misery and misfortune, that could not but fall out, by reason of the former sedition; and because most of the arable land had become heathy and barren for lack of plowing, by reason of their wars. Now those busy prattlers, perceiving that there was great scarcity of corn in the city, and that though there had been plenty, the common people had no money to buy it, spread abroad false tales against Nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had procured the extreme dearth among them. The people being set on a broil by these words, Marcius, who was now grown to great credit with the noblest men of Rome, rose up and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes. Then, taking his friends, and such as he could intreat to go with him, he did run certain forays into the dominion of the Antiates, where he met with great plenty of corn, and had a marvelous great spoil, which he brought away, and reserved nothing to himself. Afterwards, the home-tarriers and house-doves began to repent that it was not their hap to go with him, and so envied them that had sped so well, and also, of malice to Marcius, spited to see his credit increase more and more, because they accounted him a great hinderer of the people.

Shortly after this, Marcius stood for the Consulship; and the common people favored his suit, thinking it would be a shame to deny and refuse the chiefest man of noble blood, and especially him that had done so great service to the commonwealth. The custom of Rome was, at that time, that such as did sue for any office should for certain days before be in the market-place, with a poor gown on their backs, to pray the citizens to remember them at the election. Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars: so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed to refuse so valiant a man; and one said to another, we must needs choose him, there is no remedy. But when the day of election was come, and Marcius came to the market-place, accompanied with all the Senate and Nobility, who sought to make him Consul with the greatest entreaty they ever attempted for any man; then the love and good will of the common people turned to hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office into his hands, as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Wherefore they refused him in the end, and made two others Consuls. The Senate did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Marcius; but he took it in far worse part than the Senate, and was out of all patience.

Meanwhile there came great plenty of corn to Rome, part of it being bought in Italy, the rest given by Gelon tyrant of Syracuse; so that many stood in great hope that, the dearth being holpen, the civil dissension would cease. The Senate sat in counsel upon it immediately; the common people also stood about the palace, gaping what would fall out, persuading themselves that the corn they had bought should be sold good cheap, and that which had been given should be divided by the poll, without paying a penny; and the rather, because certain of the Senators did wish the same. But Marcius did somewhat sharply take up those who went about to gratify the people therein,

calling them people-pleasers and traitors to the Nobility. He said that they who counseled that the corn should be given out to the people *gratis*, as they used to do in the cities of Greece where the people had more absolute power, did but nourish their disobedience, which would break out in the end to the utter ruin of the state. For they will not think it done in recompense of their service, since they have so oft refused to go to the wars; nor for their mutinies when they went; nor for the accusations which they have received against the Senate: but they will rather judge that we grant them this as standing in fear of them, and glad to flatter them every way. Therefore it were a great folly for us, methinks, to do it; yea, we should, if we were wise, take from them their Tribuneship, which manifestly is the embasing of the Consulship, and the cause of division in the city.

Marcus, dilating the matter with many such reasons, won all the young men and almost all the rich to his opinion; insomuch as they rang it out that he was the only man in the city, who stood out against the people, and never flattered them. The Tribunes, when they saw that the opinion of Marcus was confirmed by the more voices, left the Senate, and went down to the people, crying out for help. The words of Marcus being openly reported, the people so stomached them, that in their fury they were ready to fly upon the whole Senate. But the Tribunes laid all the fault upon Marcus, and sent their sergeants to arrest him. He stoutly withstood these officers; whereupon the Tribunes, accompanied with the Ædiles, went to fetch him by force, and so laid violent hands on him: howbeit, the Patricians, gathering about him, made them give back, and laid sore upon the Ædiles; so for that time the night parted them. The next morning the Consuls, seeing the people in an uproar, were afraid lest all the city would together by the ears: wherefore, assembling the Senate in all haste, they declared how it stood them upon to appease the fury of the people with some gentle words or grateful decrees in their favor. The most of the Senators

present thinking this opinion best, and giving their consents unto it, the Consuls then went to speak unto the people as gently as they could, and did pacify their fury, using great modesty in persuading them, and also in reproving their faults. So, the most part being pacified, the Tribunes then said that, since the Senate yielded to reason, the people also, as became them, did likewise give place unto them: notwithstanding, they would that Marcius should come in person to answer to the articles they had devised. This was spoken to one of these two ends, either that Marcius against his nature should be constrained to humble himself, or else, if he continued in his stoutness, he should incur the people's ill-will so far that he could never win them again.

So Marcius came to answer their accusations, and the people held their peace to hear what he would say. But, when they thought to hear lowly words from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking, but also gave himself in words to thunder, and therewithal to look so grimly as though he made no reckoning of the matter; which stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, nor endure his bravery. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruelest and stoutest of the Tribunes, after he had whispered with his companion, did pronounce Marcius condemned by the Tribunes to die; and commanded the Ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When they came to lay hands upon Marcius, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed. The noblemen began to cry aloud, Help Marcius! so, those that laid hands on him being repulsed, they compassed him in among themselves, and some of them, holding up their hands to the people, besought them not to handle him thus cruelly; until the Tribunes' own friends did advise not to proceed in so violent a sort as to put such a man to death without process in law, but that they should refer the sentence to the free

voice of the people. Then Sicinius, bethinking himself a little, did ask the Patricians for what cause they took Marcius out of the officers' hands. The Patricians asked him again why they would of themselves so wickedly put to death so noble and valiant a Roman without law and justice. Well then, said Sicinius, let there be no quarrel against the people; for they grant your demand that the cause shall be heard according to law. Therefore, said he to Marcius, we do will and charge you to appear before the people the third day of our next sitting here, to make your purgation for such articles as shall be objected against you, that by free voice the people may give sentence upon you as shall please them.

The Patricians assembled often to consult how they might stand to Marcius, and keep the Tribunes from causing the people to mutiny again. Marcius, seeing the Senate in great doubt how to resolve, asked aloud of the Tribunes what they would burden him with. They answered that they would show how he aspired to be king. He said he did willingly offer himself to be tried upon that accusation; and that, if it were proved he had but once thought of any such matter, he would then refuse no kind of punishment they should offer; conditionally that they should charge him with nothing else. They promised they would not; and under these conditions the people assembled.

And first of all the Tribunes would in any case that the people should give their voices by tribes, and not by hundreds; for by this means the multitude of the poor needy people came to be of greater force than the noble honest citizens whose persons and purse did serve the commonwealth in the wars. When the Tribunes saw they could not prove he went about to make himself king, they began to broach afresh the former words that Marcius spoke in the Senate, in hindering the distribution of corn to the people, and persuading to take the Tribuneship from them. And for the third, they charged that he had not made common distribution of the spoil gotten of the Antiate

of his own authority had divided it among them that were with him. This matter was most strange of all to Marcius, looking not to be burdened with that as any offense: wherefore, having no ready excuse, he fell to praising the soldiers that had served with him in that journey. But those that were not with him, being the greater number, cried out so loud that he could not be heard. To conclude, when they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished forever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy as they never made for any battle won upon their enemies, and went home jocundly from the assembly. The Senate in contrary manner were as sad and heavy, repenting that they had not done and suffered anything whatsoever, rather than the people should have so abused their authority. There needed no difference of garments or outward shows, to know a Plebeian from a Patrician; for he that was on the people's side looked cheerfully, but he that was sad and hung down his head was, sure, of the noblemen's side; saving Marcius alone, who did never show himself abashed, nor once let fall his great courage: not that he did patiently bear his evil hap, but because he was so carried away with vehemency of anger and desire of revenge, that he had no sense of the state he was in; which the common people judge not to be sorrow, although indeed it be the very same.

Now that Marcius was even in that taking, appeared soon after by his deeds. For, when he was come to his house, and had taken leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and shrieking out for sorrow, and had also comforted them; he went to the gate of the city, accompanied by a great number of Patricians, and from thence went on his way with three or four friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up. In the end, seeing he could resolve no way to take an honorable course, but was only pricked for-

ward to be revenged of the Romans, he thought it his best way to stir up the Volsces against them, knowing they were able enough to encounter them, and that their power was not so much impaired, as their malice and desire of revenge was increased.

Now, in the city of Antium there was one called Tullus Aufidius, who for his riches, as also for his nobility and valiantness, was honored among the Volsces as a king. Marcius knew very well that Tullus did more malice and envy him than all the Romans besides; because that many times in battles where they met they were ever at the encounter one against the other, insomuch as there was bred a marvelous private hate between them. Yet, considering that Tullus was of a great mind, and that he above all other Volsces desired revenge of the Romans, he disguised himself in such array as he thought no man could know what person he was, and so entered the enemies' town. It was even twilight when he entered, and many people met him, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house, and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him wondered what he should be, yet they durst not bid him rise: for disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence; whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him asked who he was, and wherefore he came. Then Marcius unmuffled himself, and, after he had paused awhile, said, "If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me dost not believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am. I am CAIUS MARCIUS, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname CORIOLANUS that I bear. For I never had other benefit of the painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but

this surname;—a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly Nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor, to take thy chimney hearth: not of any hope I have to save my life thereby; for if I had feared death, I would not have come hither to put myself in hazard; but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me; which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it, that my services may be a benefit to the Volscæ; promising thee that I will fight with better will for you, than I did when I was against you; knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. But if it be so that thou dare not, and art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee.” Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvelous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, said unto him,—“Stand up, O Marcius, and be of good cheer; for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honor; and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volscæ’s hands.” So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honorable manner he could, talking with him of no other matter at that present; but within a few days they fell to consultation in what sort they should begin their wars.

Tullus caused an assembly general to be made of the Volscæ, and concluded to make war upon the Romans. This done, he counseled them to take Marcius into their service, and not to mistrust him for anything past, for he

would do more in fighting for them than he ever did in fighting against them. So Marcius was called forth, who spake so excellently that he was thought no less eloquent in tongue than warlike in show. Thus he was joined in commission with Tullus as general of the Volsces, having absolute authority between them to pursue the war. Then Marcius, having left order with the rulers to assemble the rest of their power, stole away upon the sudden with the lightest soldiers he had, and marched with all speed, and entered the territories of Rome, before the Romans had any news of his coming; insomuch as the Volsces found such spoil in the fields, that they had more than they could spend in their camp or carry away. Howbeit, this was the least part of his intent: for his chiefest purpose was, to increase the malice between the Nobility and people; and to draw that on, he was careful to keep the noblemen's lands and goods safe from harm, but spoiled all the country besides. This made greater broil between the Nobility and people, than was before. For the noblemen fell out with the people, because they had so unjustly banished a man of so great valor and power. The people, on the other side, accused the Nobility how they had procured Marcius to make this war to be revenged on them, because it pleased them to see their goods burned before their eyes, whilst themselves were well at ease.

In this while all went still to wreck at Rome. For to come into the field to fight, they could not abide to bear it, they were one so much against another, and full of seditious words; until they had intelligence that the enemies laid siege to the city of Lavinium, in which were all the temples and images of their gods. Then fell there out a marvelous sudden change of mind among the people, and far more strange and contrary in the Nobility: for the people thought it good to repeal the exile of Marcius, but the Senate would in no case yield to that. Marcius, hearing of this stir about him, was in a greater rage with them than before; insomuch that he raised the siege before Lavinium, and, going towards Rome, lodged his cam-

within forty furlongs of the city. This did put the whole city in a wonderful fear: howbeit, for the present it appeased the dissension betwixt the Nobility and the people. For, when they saw the women in a marvelous fear running up and down the city; the temples full of old people weeping bitterly in their prayers to the gods; and finally not a man either wise or hardy to provide for their safety; then they were all of opinion that the people had reason to call home Marcius and reconcile themselves to him. So they all agreed to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war.

The ambassadors were Marcius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him. Howbeit, at their coming they were brought to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvelous and unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volsces about him. So he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they did in the most humble words they could devise, and with all modesty of behavior: whereupon, for the injury they had done him, he answered very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volsces, he willed them to restore unto the Volsces all the lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars, and give them the honor and freedom of Rome. Thereupon he gave them thirty days' respite to make answer. So the ambassadors returned, and Marcius departed with his army out of their territories.

Marcius, having given the Romans thirty days' respite, thought it good not to lie idle, but went and destroyed the lands of their allies, and took seven great cities of theirs. The time having expired, and Marcius being returned into the dominions of the Romans with all his army, they sent another embassy to pray peace and the remove of the Volsces out of the country. He answered, that as general of the Volsces he would reply nothing to it; but as a Roman citizen he would counsel them to let fall their pride;

and that they should come again within three days, and deliver up the articles agreed upon: otherwise he would no more give them safe conduct to his camp with such vain messages. When the ambassadors had returned and made report to the Senate, the city being in extreme danger, they threw out, as the common proverb saith, their holy anchor. For they appointed all the bishops, priests, ministers of the gods, and keepers of holy things, and all the augurers and soothsayers, to go to Marcius, appareled as when they do sacrifices, and intreat him to leave off the war, and speak to his countrymen, and conclude peace with the Volsces. He suffered them to come into the camp, but granted them nothing more, and willed them either to accept peace under the conditions offered, or else to receive war. When this goodly rabble of priests were returned, it was determined that none should go out of the city, and that they should watch upon the walls, to repulse their enemies, if they came to assault them; referring themselves and all their hope to time and fortune's uncertain favor, not knowing otherwise how to remedy the danger.

Now the Roman ladies and gentlemen did visit all the temples and gods, to make their prayers unto them. But the greatest ladies were continually about the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus, among whom was Valeria, Publicola's own sister, who was greatly honored and revered of the Romans, and did so modestly and wisely behave herself, that she did not shame nor dishonor the house she came of. She suddenly fell into a fancy, and had taken hold of a noble device. Whereupon she rose and the other ladies with her, and all went straight to the house of Volumnia, Marcius' mother; and, coming in, found her and Marcius' wife set together, and having his young children in her lap. All these ladies sitting in a ring about her, Valeria began to speak in this sort: "We ladies are come to visit you, my lady Volumnia and Virgilia, by no direction from the Senate or any magistrate, but through the inspiration, as I take it, of some god above; who, having taken pity of our prayers, hath moved us to come and

intreat you in a matter, as well beneficial for us, as also for the citizens in general, and to yourselves in special; and which shall redound to your more fame, than the daughters of the Sabines obtained when they procured loving peace between their fathers and husbands. Come on, good ladies, and let us go all together unto Marcius, to intreat him to take pity upon us, and also to report unto him how much you are bound unto the citizens; who, notwithstanding they have sustained great hurt by him, have not sought revenge upon your persons, nor conceived any thought but to deliver you safe into his hands, though thereby they look for no better grace or clemency from him."

When Valeria had spoken this, all the other ladies with one voice confirmed that she had said. Then Volumnia in this sort did answer: "My good ladies, we are partakers with you of the common misery of our country, and our grief exceedeth yours by reason of our particular misfortune. But the greatest grief is, to see our poor country brought to such extremity, that all hope is now cast upon us simple women; because we know not what account he will make of us, since he hath cast from him all care of his natural country, which heretofore he hath holden more precious than either his mother, wife, or children. Notwithstanding, if ye think we can do any good, we will do what you will have us. Bring us to him, I pray you; for if we cannot prevail, we can die at his feet, as humble suitors for our country."

Her answer ended, she took her daughter-in-law and Marcius' children with her; and, being accompanied with all the other ladies, they went together unto the Volsces' camp; who, when they saw her, did of themselves pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them durst say a word unto her. Now was Marcius set in his chair of state, and when he spied the women coming afar off, he marveled what it meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife, who came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his rancor. But in the ending, being altered to see

them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair; but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother and embraced her awhile, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought in him, that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them. Then, perceiving that his mother would speak, he called the chiefest of the Volsces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:

“If we held our peace, my son, and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies and present sight of our raiment would easily bewray to thee what life we have led at home since thy exile: but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to behold, spiteful fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all others in their adversity, to pray unto the gods and to call to them for aid, is the thing which plungeth us in most deep perplexity. For we cannot, alas! together pray both for victory to our country and for safety of thy life; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my life-time do make an end of this war; for if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties than to overthrow and destroy the one; trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother’s womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son so led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them. If it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroy-

ing the Volsces, I must confess thou wouldest hardly resolve on that: for as to destroy thy country, is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honorable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a jail-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety to both, but most honorable to the Volsces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have granted us singular graces, peace and amity; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the honor. But, if it fail, thyself alone shall carry the shameful reproach of either party. So, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries thou hast forever undone thy friends who did most lovingly receive thee.—My son, why dost thou not answer me? Dost thou take it honorable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not think it an honest man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects, than thyself. Thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?"

With these words, herself, his wife, and children fell down upon their knees before him. Marcius seeing that could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, "O mother, what have you done to me?" And, holding her hard by the right hand, "O mother," said he, "you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone." These words being spoken openly,

he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in the camp that night, the next morning he dislodged and marched into the Volscres' country again.

Now the citizens of Rome plainly showed in what fear and danger they stood, of this war. For so soon as the watch upon the walls perceived the Volscres' camp to remove, there was not a temple in the city but was presently set open, and full of men wearing garlands of flowers on their heads, sacrificing to the gods, as they were wont to do upon the news of some great victory. And this common joy was yet more manifestly showed by the honorable courtesies the whole Senate and people did bestow on the ladies. For they were all thoroughly persuaded that the ladies only were the cause of saving the city. Whereupon the Senate ordained that the magistrates, to gratify and honor these ladies, should grant them all that they would require. And they only requested them to build a temple of Fortune for the women, themselves offering to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods; and the Senate, commending their good will, ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city.

When Marcius was returned into the city of Antium, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him, for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away. Wherefore, having procured many of his confederacy, he required Marcius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volscres of his charge and government. Marcius answered, that he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords, if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and that he would even at that present give up an account to the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. Hereupon an assembly was held, in which there were certain orators appointe'

who stirred up the common people against him. When they had told their tales, Marcius rose up to answer; and the people quieted themselves and gave him audience: whereupon Tullus, fearing that, if he let him speak, he would prove his innocence to the people, because amongst other things he had an eloquent tongue, thought he might no longer delay his enterprise, nor tarry for the rising of the common people against him. Wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the Volsces. Saying these words, they all fell upon him, and killed him in the marketplace, none of the people once offering to rescue him. Howbeit, it is clear that this murder was not generally consented to of the Volsces: for men came out of all parts to honor his body, and did honorably bury him; setting up his tomb with great store of armor and spoils, as the tomb of a worthy person and great captain.

The foregoing abstract makes manifest enough that the Poet was indebted to the historian for somewhat more than the events of the drama. The life and character of the persons, together with the springs and processes of their action, were in a good measure taken from that time-honored repository. And the point worth special noting is, that from the parts and fragments thence derived, rich and fresh as these often are, the Poet should have reproduced, as it were, the entire form and order of their being, creating an atmosphere and environment which so fit and cohere with what he borrowed, that the whole has the air and movement of a perfectly original work. For it may be observed, that all the humorous and amusing scenes—and Shakespeare has few that are more choicely conceived or more aptly used—are supplied from the Poet's own mind; there being no hint towards these in Plutarch, saving the fable rehearsed and applied by old Menenius, who is described as one of "the pleasantest old men, and the most acceptable to the people." And yet how exquisite and admirable the keeping of these scenes with the other

matter and course of the play! and how perfectly steeped and charged they seem with the very genius and spirit of old Roman life and manners!

But the drama has what some may not unfairly consider a still higher merit, in that through the whole is poured the high-reaching grace and power of the most deep and broad and mellow philosophy. From its richly-freighted scenes may be gathered, directly or by quick inference, a code and stock of practical wisdom large and various enough to furnish out the moralist and statesman: the whole work bespeaking a mind which, without any loss of strength or vigor, has ripened up into a sage-like calmness, clearness, and sobriety; which, as from a world-commanding eminence, has made a full and complete survey of humanity; which has thoroughly mastered the principles and measures of political growth and influence; which knows men through and through, both as individuals and as members of the state; and which understands how man and man, rank and rank, class and class, sex and sex, act and react on one another in all the civil and social relations of life, so that he can view and touch them, play or be serious with them, laugh at or instruct them, as one that is perfectly at home both among and within them. The play, it is true, has comparatively little of that mighty-rushing energy and torrent of passion, in which the Poet seems at one period of his life to have delighted to dwell. The nature of the theme indeed did not well admit of this. But, surely, the want thereof is more than made up by qualities which, if not nobler in themselves, are much rarer to be met with. And the very choice of the subject-matter, as well as the mode of treating it, argues the state of one who has shaken himself loose from those fierce bewilderments of soul, and set up his rest in the more even and quiet fields of lofty unimpassioned thought; where he is bending all his resources of genius and art to the moving and interesting of men by discoursing the purer truths of the intellect and the heart, and by running the most free and eloquent division upon them.

Hazlitt indeed has charged the Poet that in this play he shows a strong leaning to the side of Patrician arrogance and pride, against the interest and feeling of the people. And herewithal he revels and expatiates at large, to make out how much more of poetry there is in the high treadings of aristocratic insolence, than in the modest walking of Plebeian humility. But Hazlitt's mind seems to have been so preoccupied with spite of what was socially above him, that he could scarce take any reproof but what was leveled at those around and below him: all which may be regarded by some as inferring the spirit of a high-strung aristocrat, soured by disappointment, and so spurning at what itself could not reach. There is, we believe, no ground for such a charge in the present case. On the contrary, the play may be cited as a strong instance of dramatic evenhandedness: impartial justice seems to have been the moral law of the composition. The ugly and offensive points in the hero, those which most naturally, if not justly, drew on him the people's hate, are set forth unsparingly; not indeed naked and alone, for this were but turning them into caricature, but in combination with high and noble traits, just as delivered in the history, and just as we find them perpetually occurring in actual men. So, on the other side, much that is good and generous in the people, as well as what is mean and envious, has a kindly and cordial outlet, sometimes playful indeed, and sometimes otherwise; but still so as, in effect, to engage for them more of pity than of anger. They are represented as bearing much, forgiving much; free to own the greatness of the haughty Patrician, and not more resenting his insolence, than regretting it; and never withheld from making fair returns of honor even against many and great provocations, till set on fire by the tongues of envious and self-seeking flatterers. If there be any person in the play whom the Poet shows a leaning to more than another, it is old Menenius, a frank, patriotic, liberal soul, who is genially and lovingly humorous towards the people even when his eye is upon their faults, yet free and upright in

lay

gao

eop

mal

brea

likiz

har

abor

wa

y b

unq

g a

ne

the

of

ave

ind

if

th

re

th

ad

n.

n

a

d

r

j

.

:

reproving them, though at the same time sensible of their virtues; who smilingly stoops to play jokes upon them, that so he may soothe and sweeten their exasperated minds; exercising his good-natured wit to heal as fast as his sharpness wounds; and thus standing at an equal remove from the insulting aristocrat and the snaky demagogue.

The hero offers a capital study for those who, in their estimates of men, have not learned to temper their thoughts to "a web of mingled yarn," such as human nature, even in its best specimens, ordinarily presents. The character is a very mixed one; and all its parts, good and bad, are fashioned on so large a scale as to yield matter enough for making out a strong case either way, according as the observer's mind is set to a course of all blame or all praise; while at the same time the several lines are so energetic and bold as to render it not easy for one to steer clear of all extremes, and so to take the impression of a given side as to fit the subject all round. The main features of the man are drawn together in Plutarch with so vigorous yet delicate a hand, that we should seem hardly excusable in omitting the passage. We subjoin it from North, making no changes but what are needful for due compression of the matter:

"Caius Marcius, being left an orphan by his father, was brought up under his mother, a widow, who taught us by experience that orphanage bringeth many discommodities to a child, but doth not hinder him to become an honest man, and to excel in virtue above the common sort. This man also is a good proof to confirm some men's opinions, that a rare and excellent wit untaught doth bring forth many good and evil things together; as a fat soil bringeth forth both herbs and weeds. For his natural wit and great heart did marvelously stir up his courage to do and attempt notable acts. But, on the other side, for lack of education, he was so choleric and impatient that he would yield to no living creature; which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. Yet men, marveling much at his constancy, that he was ne

overcome with pleasure nor money, and how he would endure easily all manner of pains and travels, thereupon well liked his stoutness and temperance. But, for all that, they could not be acquainted with him, as one citizen useth to be with another, his behavior was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had. It is daily seen that, honor lighting on young men before the time, the desire to win more dyeth straight in them, the same having no deep root: whereas the first honor that valiant minds come upon doth quicken up their appetite, hasting them forward as with force of wind to enterprise things of high-deserving. This desire being bred in Marcius, he strained still to pass himself in manliness, and his noble service did still advance his fame. And, as for others, the only respect that made them valiant was, that they hoped to have honor; but, touching Marcius, the only thing that made him to love honor was the joy he saw his mother did take of him. For nothing made him so happy, as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him; that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and still embrace him, with tears running down her cheeks, for joy."

In strict keeping with this account of the man, Shakespeare represents pride as the back-bone of his composition. And his pride is rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion, insomuch that, let but a spark of provocation be struck into the latter, and the former at once flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of life. It is therefore perfectly characteristic of the man that an unexpected word of scornful reproach stings him to the quick: the instant it touches his ear, he explodes like a rocket. It is on this principle that the wily Tribunes work, plying their craft and watching their time to provoke him into some fatal provocation of popular resentment. Hence the Poet, with great judgment, and without any hint from the history, makes Aufidius, when the time ripe for firing off the conspiracy against his life, touch

him into an ecstasy of passionate rage by spitting the term "boy" at him. Now, his very pride, if duly guarded by the ensconcements of reason and self-respect, would have caused him, from the monstrous unfitness of such an epithet, to answer it with calm and silent scorn: but he seems to resent it in proportion as it strikes wide of him, and makes its very unfitness to him the cause of its power over him.

The natural working of these qualities, together with the gigantic structure of the man in other parts, made his character an apt and inviting occasion to represent the struggle between those two antagonist elements in the state, which in their reconciliation and unity did much towards rearing up the solid greatness and grandeur of old Rome. There is in the people much that is really despicable. This the hero seizes on greedily, and makes the most of, as favoring that whereon his pride fastens, and at the same time winks away whatsoever there is in them of a redeeming quality: he scorns their meanness, and is glad to find it in them as giving him cause for scorning them; will see in them nothing but what is vile, and would fain make them as vile as he thinks them, that so his scorn may stand justified to his sense of right. Still he is placed where his pride can only come at its proper food by their suffrage; for its dearest gratification he must needs look to that which most galls and offends it. This puts him upon trying to extort their admiration and homage while making them hate his person: what he most prides himself upon is to have his greatness force honors from them in spite of his insolence to them; because such an inverse proportion between their returns and receipts serves to magnify and set off his superiority. This is well shown in what falls from one of those almost characterless persons of the drama, in whom the Poet sometimes puts much candor and shrewdness of observation, and then uses them as the mouth-piece of his own judgment: "If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he would wave indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate wi'

greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite." Hence, when he goes out to beg their voices, he takes care to season his requests with scorn, and to let them see that his spirit still disclaims what his tongue speaks: then, if they excuse his spirit on the score of his formal compliance, this will be his triumph.

The hero's pride, however, is far from being of a mean and narrow cast: nobly elemented out of the various regards of rank, family, country, talents, and courage, it therefore partakes the general greatness of his character; is of a towering and majestic pitch; and as it grows not less by what he derives from and shares with others, than by what is peculiar to himself, so it is of that high and generous scope that commonly issues in great virtues as well as great faults. Hence it is nowise such as, of itself, to eat out the better juices of humanity: on the contrary, modesty, gratitude, openness of heart and hand, are its chosen playfellows; and it is of an element that would keep clean and fresh the breast where it dwells, and under whose stern yet free patronage, tenderness of heart, purity and rectitude of life, and many of the milder and gentler qualities, have their best cherishing; a sure source of replenishment to whatsoever virtues it guards, because its own best source of thrift is in the noble growth it fosters. Which is rarely shown in that, with all his passionate craving after fame, he still counts it his highest honor to be the cause that others are honored. For he is as jealous of the merit as of the position of his fellow-Patricians; would guard their virtue as carefully as their rank; is not less strenuous to have them deserve than to have them hold the place of supreme rule and reverence in the state. He is prouder, too, of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honor in himself but what he can refer to that honored source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him: in brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his

profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such intrinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. When, upon her coming out to intercede with him, he says,—“My mother bows; as if Olympus to a molehill should in supplication nod”—we have the sublimity of filial reverence, imaged in a form not more magnificent in itself than characteristic of the speaker.

Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character, and the same high-strung pride; the whole being cast, however, in a perfectly feminine mold, and rendered mellow and considerate by a larger experience and a more disinterested spirit. More firm and steady, too, because less passionate, her pride is never inflamed into any breach of propriety and decorum: on the contrary, she seems to become more dignified and self-possessed when her pride is chafed and galled. And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in the end outwrestles his, because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. It was a very profound insight of woman's nature that led the Poet to represent her as exhorting her son to temporize with the people, and to use arts for conciliating them which had no allowance in his bosom's truth; for even so woman, as having less of willfulness and more of sensibility in the reason, naturally judges the quality of an action more by the consequences which she hopes or fears therefrom. What a story does the life of this mother and this son, with their reciprocal action and influence, as set forth in the play, tell us of the old Roman matronage, and of that profound religion toward womanhood which formed so large and powerful an element in the social constitution of republican Rome! And what a comment does this deep awe of motherhood, taken along with the history of that wonderful nation, read upon the precept,—“Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!” For reverence of children to their fathers is the principle th

binds together successive generations in one continuous life. So that the loosening or impairing of this tie is the beginning of national dissolution. For, in forgetting the past, men do but teach the future to forget themselves; and where we find a present that honors not a past, there we may be sure the very genius of nationality is gone.

Various other characters in this noble play are wisely conceived, and nicely discriminated. The contrast between Volumnia and Virgilia is wrought out with the greatest delicacy and felicity. And the marshaling of the materials, the adjustment of the parts, the whole social and political ordonnance of the drama, discover such a form and measure of constructive and administrative judgment as might sustain the weight of an empire.

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

CORIOLANUS

Now we apprehend that Shakspeare has not treated the subject of Coriolanus after this right royal fashion of poetry. He has dealt fairly with the vices as well as the virtues of his hero. The scene in the second act, in which Coriolanus stands for the consulship, is amongst the most remarkable examples of Shakspeare's insight into character. In Plutarch he found a simple fact related without any comment:—"Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy." But in his representation of this fact Shakspeare had to create a character, and to make that character act and re-act upon the character of the people. Coriolanus was essentially and necessarily proud. His education, his social position, his individual supremacy, made him so. He lives in a city of factions, and he dislikes, of course, the faction opposed to his order. The people represent the opinions that he dislikes, and he therefore dislikes the people. That he has pity and love for humanity, however humble, we have already seen. Coming into contact with the Roman populace for their suffrages, his uppermost thought is "bid them wash their faces and keep their teeth clean." He outwardly despises that vanity of the people which will not

reward desert unless it go hand in hand with solicitation.—
 KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

The pride of Coriolanus is however not that which comes from self-surrender to and union with some power, or person, or principle higher than oneself. It is two-fold, a passionate self-esteem which is essentially egotistic; and secondly a passionate prejudice of class. His nature is the reverse of cold or selfish; his sympathies are deep, warm and generous; but a line, hard and fast, has been drawn for him by the aristocratic tradition, and it is only within that line that he permits his sympathies to play. To the surprise of the Tribunes, he can accept well-pleased a subordinate command under Cominius. He yields with kindly condescension to accept the devotion and fidelity of Menenius, and cherishes towards the old man a filial regard—the feeling of a son, who has the consciousness that he is greater than his father. He must dismiss Menenius disappointed from the Volscian camp; but he contrives an innocent fraud by means of which the old senator will fancy that he has affected more for the peace of Rome than another could. For Virgilia, the gentle woman in whom his heart finds rest, Coriolanus has a manly tenderness, and constant freshness of adhesion:

O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

In his boy he has a father's joy, and yields to an ambitious hope, and a yearning forward to his son's possible future of heroic action, in which there is something of touching, paternal weakness:

The god of soldiers,
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
 And saving those that eye thee!

His wife's friend Valeria is the "moon of Rome,"

Chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple.

In his mother Volumnia, the awful Roman matron, he rejoices with a noble enthusiasm and pride; and while she is present always feels himself by comparison with this great mother, inferior and unimportant.

But Cominius, Menenius, and Virgilia, Valeria and Volumnia, and his boy belong to the privileged class, they are patrician. Beyond this patrician class neither his sympathies nor his imagination find it possible to range. The plebeians are "a common cry of curs" whose breath Coriolanus hates. He cannot like Bolingbroke flatter their weakness while he despises them inwardly. He is not even indifferent towards them; he rather rejoices in their malice and displeasure; if the nobility would let him use his sword he would make a quarry "with thousands of these quarter'd slaves," as high as he could pick his lance. Sicinius the Tribune is "the Triton of the minnows." When Coriolanus departs from Rome, as though all the virtue of the city were resident in himself, he reverses the apparent fact and pronounces a sentence of banishment against those whom he leaves behind; "*I banish you.*" Brutus is warranted by the fact when he says

You speak o' the people
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

And yet the weakness, the inconstancy, and the incapacity of apprehending facts which are the vices of the people, reflect and repeat themselves in the great patrician; his aristocratic vices counterbalance their plebeian. He is rigid and obstinate; but under the influence of an angry egoism he can renounce his principles, his party and his native city. He will not bear away to his private use the paltry booty of the Volscies; but to obtain the consul-

he is urged by his proud mother and his patrician friends to stand bareheaded before the mob, to expose his wounds, to sue for their votes, to give his heart the lie, to bend the knee like a beggar asking an alms. The judgment and blood of Coriolanus are ill commingled; he desires the end, but can only half submit to the means which are necessary to attain that end; he has not sufficient self-control to enable him to dispose of those chances of which he is lord. And so he mars his fortune. The pride of Coriolanus, as Mr. Hudson has observed, is "rendered altogether inflammable and uncontrollable by passion; insomuch that if a spark of provocation is struck into the latter, the former instantly flames up beyond measure, and sweeps away all the regards of prudence, of decorum, and even of common sense." Now such passion as this Shakspeare knew to be weakness and not strength; and by this uncontrollable violence of temper Coriolanus draws down upon himself his banishment from Rome, and his subsequent fate.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art*.

THE EXPULSION OF CORIOLANUS

The expulsion of Coriolanus is proof and witness of the young vitality of the body politic, which is able thus harmlessly and decisively to extrude an element that is inimical; for Coriolanus is a type of all the trouble and mischief that befel the Republic in ensuing years, from the traitorous selfishness of otherwise well meriting servants that it retained within its bosom. Yet even the egotism of Coriolanus, which urges him to abet the enemies of his country for the sake of revenge, never suggested a thought of erecting a tyranny, and even retained him zealous and satisfied in an inferior military command. It is a mere calumnious imagination of the tribune that he had any artful motive for preferring the second place;—it is quite clear that this is but part of his habitual loyalty to the aristocratic system which he bows to readily and instinctively, so long as it is true to what he conceives to be its

proper genius as well as only safety.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

VOLUMNIA

In Volumnia, Shakespeare has given us the portrait of a Roman matron, conceived in the true antique spirit, and finished in every part. Although Coriolanus is the hero of the play, yet much of the interest of the action and the final catastrophe turn upon the character of his mother, Volumnia, and the power she exercised over his mind, by which, according to the story, "she saved Rome and lost her son." Her lofty patriotism, her patrician haughtiness, her maternal pride, her eloquence, and her towering spirit, are exhibited with the utmost power of effect; yet the truth of female nature is beautifully preserved, and the portrait, with all its vigor, is without harshness. Though Volumnia is a Roman matron, and though her country owes its salvation to her, it is clear that her maternal pride and affection are stronger even than her patriotism. Thus, when her son is exiled, she bursts into an imprecation against Rome and its citizens:

Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

But the triumph of Volumnia's character, the full display of all her grandeur of soul, her patriotism, her strong affections, and her sublime eloquence, are reserved for her last scene, in which she pleads for the safety of Rome, and wins from her angry son that peace which all the swords of Italy and her confederate arms could not have purchased. The strict and even literal adherence to the truth of history is an additional beauty.—JAMESON, *Shakespeare's Heroines*.

Among its members it counts no grander figure than Volumnia, Marcius' mother, "the most noble mother of the world." No creation of the dramatist is so genuinely antique as this ideal Roman matron. Patriotism is with her

a religion, and virtue is summed up in the valor which is eager to bleed for its country on the battle-field. Thus her pride in her only son is less a purely maternal feeling than the exultation of the lion-hearted dame who has given to Rome a champion of unrivaled prowess. There is a metallic clang about the very words in which she recounts her loyalty to her conception of a patriot-mother's duty:

"When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons . . . I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action."

In a similar spirit she dwells triumphantly on the number and position of Marcius' wounds, and while he is at the wars she gloats in imagination over his bloody exploits in the field. But it is no mere brute courage that she has instilled into him; it is the heroism that looks on "extremity" as the trier of spirits; and that takes with a smile fortune's blows, "when most struck home." But along with these "precepts that would make invincible the heart that conn'd them," Volumnia had taught her son less salutary lessons. Her patriotism, measureless in its depth, is narrowed by her class feeling, and does not embrace the plebeians, whom she has instructed Marcius to consider

"Woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of [his] ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war."

—BOAS, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

VIRGILIA

But the wife plays a very subordinate part; it would be absurd to agree with Mr. Ruskin, and call Virgilia "perhaps the loveliest of Shakespeare's women"; though subtly sketched, she is quite in the background, before which the figure of Volumnia stands so strikingly prominent; poetic justice to Virgilia would have been poetic injustice to the legend which was nine-tenths of the drama.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works*.

MENENIUS

Among the secondary characters in this play of *Coriolanus*, the most estimable, as well as the most interesting, is old Menenius, the patrician and senator. He forms an amiable link between the two orders; he is precisely the character a nobleman should be; wearing the insignia of his rank with a bland and easy dignity; gracefully condescending, and even familiar with the commonalty, sympathizing with their wants, difficulties, and privations; and this gives him the privilege to speak to them with the authority of his longer experience, with better education and knowledge. This same sympathy, too, which they all recognize, gives him the warrant to visit their misconduct and their senseless waverings, their vacillations, irrational turbulence, and revolt, with an asperity which they would ill bear from another who cared less for them and their destitute condition. It is observable, that throughout all his displeasure and petulance against the mob, Menenius never makes use of a cruel or even unkind speech: in his spleen he is sufficiently and humorously contemptuous; but we hear no such expression as the scoundrelly exultation of Coriolanus at the approaching war with the Volscians, when he says—

"I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity";

a speech admirably in character with one who considered the masses below him in the commonwealth only as so much material to build up his own pomp and ambition. Menenius has described his own nature and temper in that sparring scene between himself and the tribunes of the people, Brutus and Sicinius. It is a happy display of a testy, wayward, and humorous old man, with a rich vein of kind-heartedness running through his crusty temper.—CLARKE, *Shakespeare-Characters*.

THE TRIBUNES

And then the tribunes! They are not mere demagogues. They are fighting the battle of their class with prudence, intelligence, and skill, against the stupidity and oppression of the upper class. Not with the unreason of the mob-orator, but with resolute foresight, they determine to overthrow Coriolanus as the common enemy of the people. Once he is exiled they can deal with the rest of the patricians in a quiet way, and with a good hope of success. And they give themselves to that aim with cool precision of attack. They use no wild words. They speak throughout with quietude and resolution, as men who care for the cause of their fellow-citizens more than for themselves.—BROOKE, *Lectures on Shakespeare*.

THE POPULACE

If we observe closely, we cannot even find that the people are here represented as so very bad. We must distinguish between the way in which they really act and the way in which the mockers and despisers of the people represent them; we may then soon find that the populace in Julius Cæsar appear much worse than in Coriolanus. Great attention is here paid to the character of the age. In Antony, where the people had ceased to be of any importance, they no longer appear; in Cæsar, where their degeneracy ruined the republic, they are shown in all their weakness;

in Coriolanus, where they can oppose but not stop the progress of Rome's political career, they appear equally endowed with good and bad qualities. We must allow that the populace are not flattered. The multitude are not alone blamed by Coriolanus as inconstant and variable, but they make him conscious of their changeableness by their behavior concerning his election. Not alone does Menenius say that their imprudence "transports them by calamity thither where more attends them," but we find them actually on this road, and their leaders surpass them in popular frenzy; what is inconvenient is not believed and is concealed from the people, and the messenger is flogged who brings the unwelcome truth. It is true they are not alone reproached by words with unjustly ascribing to the government what is perhaps the decree of Providence, that they curse the justice that overtakes the criminal, and persecute the great with hatred; we see them ourselves in action, now loving and now hating without a reason, and, as it always happens in stirring times, scattering abroad the exciting commonplaces which have much show and little truth. Coriolanus despises all the deed and capacity of the people, which, "where it should find lions, finds hares," but the poet has actually shown us their cowardice and their love of plunder. On the other hand, we must not be, like Coriolanus, unreasonable, and overlook the fact that Shakespeare has introduced some better and braver among the people, who, when the general calls for volunteers, all shout and follow him, to his great joy and admiration. We must not omit to observe that the whole mass of the people acknowledge the merit of Coriolanus, that the zeal to admire and applaud the conqueror is universal, that his party among the people seems very great, that even the inflamed and excited people acknowledge that he is not avaricious, that he is not more proud than brave; that, with regard to his haughtiness, they take into consideration the power of his nature, and acknowledge that his merit surpasses their power to recompense. Menenius imagined that if the nobles did not keep them in awe they would destroy them-

selves, yet they acknowledge readily the wisdom of his fable, before which their wisdom yields. The friends of Coriolanus expected that the people, when left to themselves on his banishment, would fall into confusion, but, to their surprise, peace and union prevail. If fickleness be the attribute of the populace in all ages, there is an advantage even in this fault, which is totally opposed to the stiff obstinacy of the aristocrat; the populace become, through this quality, a manageable mass, which a wise man, like Menenius, can easily guide; if it be easily inflamed, it is also easily calmed again, and this quality of ready forgiveness Menenius himself praises in the people. Their hostility against Coriolanus is excusable on account of his indifference and haughty contempt, and on account of the scorn and enmity with which the proud man intentionally challenges their hatred.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

“CORIOLANUS” AS A DRAMA

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is construed strictly according to rule; the plot is simple and powerful, and is developed, with steadily increasing interest, to a logical climax. With the exception of *Othello*, Shakespeare has never treated his material in a more simply intelligible fashion. It is the tragedy of an inviolably truthful personality in a world of small-minded folk; the tragedy of the punishment a reckless egoism incurs when it is betrayed into setting its own pride above duty to state and fatherland.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare*.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE MATERIAL FOR THE PLAY

Even the literary artist who tells his own story has trouble enough with its plot; but the dramatist who prefers to construct his plots from the stories of others often finds the task still more troublesome. This was Shakespeare's fate

more than once, and he did not altogether escape it in *Antony and Cleopatra*; he does not escape it in *Coriolanus*. That a man of the high breeding and lofty experience of Coriolanus—who had done more for his country than any score of men living—should suddenly, and in desire of a vulgar revenge, lead against his country her bitterest foes, is of course an outrage on the ordinary instincts of humanity. That Shakespeare felt this is evident from the many passages in which he tries to prepare us for such a violation of the moral law. Again, that the brave leader of the Volsces should suddenly turn coward, hypocrite, and villain is an outrage on dramatic propriety; and once more the poet did what he could (IV, vii, 35–54) by way of apology. The same difficulties stood in his way when writing *King John*; but these he surmounted by making the nation his hero instead of the despicable sovereign. Something like it is the sorry part played by Laertes; a gentleman of perfect breeding suddenly stoops to the basest treachery; but Hamlet himself changes in character as the play proceeds.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works*.

THE THEME

The Roman plays belong to the sphere of clear, plastic antiquity, and we find that their inner center also stands out with a certain degree of plastic definiteness and clearness. Yet they have frequently been misunderstood. Thus it is quite erroneous to suppose that *Coriolanus* is merely a representation of party spirit in its historical significance. The factious element, i. e. the pursuit of personal interests under the cloak of some general motive, is indeed introduced, but is not the actual lever of the action. The main thing is the struggle between the two opposite principles of a republican polity—the aristocratic and the democratic. These principles can come into conflict only where heroic greatness, manly worth, and moral power are still looked upon as gifts of nature, consequently as dependent upon noble birth, or where the con-

sciousness of the equal rights of all men is beginning to make itself felt, because of their equal moral and mental capacities; they can only come into conflict where ancient rights—which, through abuse, have become doubtful or even partially lost—are to be protected from total extinction, or where new claims—called forth by a changed state of the consciousness of right—rebel against the ancient rights. The struggle does not only mark a transition stage in the republican polity, but also a new phase of legal and moral consciousness.—ULRICI, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*.

The theme is the tragedy of a man of great courage, great honesty, and great intellect, whose splendid qualities are ruined by an insensate and inhuman pride. Coriolanus is a giant, and his superiority is real; but his passionate contempt of the common crowd amounts to positive hatred, and the violence of his temper is absolutely ferocious. His behavior in the "gown of humility" is outrageous and utterly unreasonable: nothing is asked of him but common civility. Politically he is simply a revolutionist: his action tends to a destruction of the constitution of the republic. Moreover, he is without patriotism; he is not even loyal to his own class. He is loyal to his own family only. Pride and the ferocity of his temper make of him a public enemy, and there was nothing to be done with such a man but to banish him or make him despot. The interest of the play is almost as concentrated as that of *Othello*.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare*.

THE DRAMATIC MORAL

The whole dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left. The people are poor; therefore they ought to be starved. They are slaves; therefore they ought to be beaten. They work hard; therefore they ought to be treated like beasts of burden.

They are ignorant; therefore they ought not to be allowed to feel that they want food, or clothing, or rest, that they are enslaved, oppressed, and miserable. This is the logic of the imagination and the passions; which seek to aggrandize what excites admiration and to heap contempt on misery, to raise power into tyranny, and to make tyranny absolute; to thrust down that which is low still lower, and to make wretches desperate: to exalt magistrates into kings, kings into gods; to degrade subjects to the rank of slaves, and slaves to the condition of brutes. The history of mankind is a romance, a mask, a tragedy, constructed upon the principles of *poetical justice*; it is a noble or royal hunt, in which what is sport to the few is death to the many, and in which the spectators halloo and encourage the strong to set upon the weak, and cry havoc in the chase though they do not share in the spoil. We may depend upon it that what men delight to read in books, they will put in practice in reality.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.

THE LESSON OF THE PLAY

This preliminary scene is designed by Shakespeare to illustrate, first, the principles which in his opinion regulated the well-being of a State, which, if it is to present a firm front to rivals, must not be divided against itself. The interdependence of all classes must be fully recognized, for we may recollect that the story of the belly and its members may be made to tell the other way, if it happened that the digestive organs were recalcitrant or neglectful. Moreover, the incident, like the speeches of Brutus and Antony in *Julius Caesar*, serves the purpose of showing what in Shakespeare's opinion was the right way to deal with the rabble. Appeals to the reason, as shown by the uselessness of the suggestions of the 2d Citizen, were futile. Homely illustration, humorously and good-temperedly delivered, was the truer method of dealing with the uneducated. Had the patricians been all of the type of

Menenius, the friction between the different classes in the State would have been reduced to a minimum. Unfortunately Menenius was an exception to his class, and the opposite but prevailing type of its spirit is introduced in Caius Marcius, whom the plebeians have already singled out as the representative of the patrician class.—RANSOME, *Short Studies of Shakespeare's Plots*.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, *afterwards* CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS

TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volscians*
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

YOUNG MARCIUS, *son of Coriolanus*

A Roman Herald

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians*

Lieutenant to Aufidius

Conspirators with Aufidius

A Citizen of Antium

Two Volscian Guards

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus*

VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus*

VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia*

Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighborhood; Corioli and the neighborhood;
Antium*

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Rome. A street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn 10
at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done:
away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits

on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge. 20

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty. 30

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 40

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature,

21. "*object of our misery*"; that is, apparently, the *sight* or *spectacle* of their misery: their "*leanness*" was the "*object*" that served, by comparison, to remind the Patricians of their own abundance; and so the sufferings of the Plebs were a gain to them. Mr. Collier's second folio turns "*object*" into *abjectness*.—H. N. H.

you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol! 50

All. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you 60

With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors,

Will you undo yourselves? 70

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
 Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
 Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift
 them

Against the Roman state; whose course will on
 The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
 Of more strong link asunder than can ever
 Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it, and 81
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help.
 Alack,

You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you, and you slan-
 der

The helms o' the state, who care for you like
 fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They
 ne'er cared for us yet: suffer us to famish,

87. In North's *Plutarch* the account of this insurrection runs as follows: "It fortun'd there grew sedition in the city, because the Senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complaine of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed mony. For those that had litle were yet spoiled of that litle by their creditors, for lack of ability to pay the usury; who offer'd their goods to be sold to them that would give most. And such as had nothing left, their bodies were laid hold on, and they were made bondmen, notwithstanding all the wounds and cuts which they had received in many battels, fighting for defence of their countrey; of the which the last warre they had made was against the Sabyne, wherein they fought upon the promise the rich men had made, that from thenceforth they would intreate them more gently. But after that they had faithfully served in this last battel, seeing they were never a whit the better, and that the Senate would give no care to them, but suffered them to be made slaves to their creditours; they fel then even to flat rebellion and mutiny, and to stirre up dangerous tumults within the city. Whereupon their

and their store-houses crammed with grain;
 make edicts for usury, to support usurers; 90
 repeal daily any wholesome act established
 against the rich, and provide more piercing
 statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the
 poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will;
 and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
 Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To stale't a little more. 101

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must
 not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale:
 but, an't please you, deliver.

chiefe magistrates, and many of the Senate, began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they shold somewhat yeeld to the poore peoples request, and a litle qualifie the severity of the law. Other held hard against that opinion, and Martius for one. For he alleged that the creditours losing their money was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the communalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion. Therefore, he said, if the Senate were wise, they should betimes prevent and quench this ill favoured and worse meant beginning. The Senate met many daies in consultation about it; but in the end they concluded nothing. The poore common people, seeing no redresse, gathered themselves one day together, and all forsook the city, and encamped upon a hil, called at that day the holy hill, along the river of Tyber, offering no creature any hurt, nor making any shew of actuall rebellion, saving that they cried, as they went up and down, that the rich men had driven them out of the city. Moreover, they said, to dwell at Rome was nothing els but to be slain or hurt with continuall wars, and fighting for defence of the rich mens goods."—H. N. H.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labor with the rest; where the other instruments 110

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

First Cit. Well sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied 120
To the discontented members, the mutinous
parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!

105, etc. The fable of the Belly and the Members has been traced far back in antiquity. It is found in several ancient collections of *Æsopian fables*; so that there is as much reason for making *Æsop* the author of this as of many others that go in his name. Shakespeare was acquainted with a very spirited version of it in Camden's *Remains*; but he was chiefly indebted for the matter to North's *Plutarch*.—H. N. H.

118. "*Which ne'er came from the lungs*"; the lungs were regarded as the seat of joyous laughter.—C. H. H.

122. "*most fitly*"; exactly.—H. N. H.

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
 The counselor heart, the arm our soldier,
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
 With other muniments and petty helps
 In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?

'Fore me, this fellow speaks! what then? what
 then? 130

First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be re-
 strain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

First Cit. The former agents, if they did com-
 plain,

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small—of what you have
 little—

Patience awhile, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

First Cit. You're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,

'That I receive the general food at first, 141

Which you do live upon; and fit it is,

Because I am the store-house and the shop

Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
 brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
 You, my good friends,'—this says the belly,
 mark me,— 151

First Cit. Aye, sir; well, well.

Men. 'Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the bran.' What say you
 to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members: for examine
 Their counsels and their cares, digest things
 rightly 160
 Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
 No public benefit which you receive
 But it proceeds or comes from them to you
 And no way from yourselves. What do you
 think,

You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

heart was the seat of the understanding; hence it is here called "*the court*." So in a previous speech: "*The counselor heart*."—Modern editions, until Knight's, put a dash after "*heart*," thus making the latter part of the line in apposition with the former, and interpret "*brain*" to mean *understanding*: which is evidently wrong; the right sense being, apparently,—“I send the general food through the rivers of your blood to the heart, which is the court; I send it to the seat of the brain,” that is, the head: for the belly may as justly claim the honor of sending nourishment to the head as to the heart.
 —H. N. H.

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage. 170

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will
flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
you, 180

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

169. "*rascal*" and "*in blood*" are terms of the forest, both here used equivocally. The meaning seems to be, "thou worthless scoundrel, though thou art in the worst plight for running of all this herd of plebeians, like a deer not *in blood*, thou takest the lead in this tumult in order to obtain some private advantage to thyself." "*Worst in blood*" has a secondary meaning of *lowest in condition*.—H. N. H.

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
 To make him worthy whose offense subdues him
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
 greatness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that de-
 pends

Upon your favors swims with fins of lead 190
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
 Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call him noble that was now your hate,
 Him vile that was your garland. What's the
 matter,

That in these several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another? What's their
 seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they
 say,

The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say! 200
 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
 Who thrives and who declines; side factions and
 give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

184, 186. "*your virtue*," etc.; "your virtue is to speak well of him
 whom his own offenses have subjected to justice; and to rail at
 those laws by which he whom you praise was punished" (Johnson).
 —I. G.

And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'ld make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
high

As I could pick my lance. 210

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must
eat,

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity 221

And make bold power look pale—they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

221. "break the heart of generosity"; give the death-blow to the power of the nobles.—C. H. H.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater
themes 230

For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't: then we shall ha' means to
vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

*Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators;
Jupius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus.*

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately
told us;

The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility;

240

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and
he

Upon my party, I 'ld revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred! 253

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where,
I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow
you;

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. [*To the Citizens*] Hence to your
homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volsces have much corn; take these rats
thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valor puts well forth: pray, follow. 261

[*Citizens steal away. Exeunt all*
but Sicinius and Bru

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded 272
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well graced, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business!'

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall 281
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

268. "*The present wars devour him*"; that is, his pride on account of his valor and success in "*the present wars*," devours him. So in *Troilus and Cressida*: "He that is proud *eats up himself*." "Eat up with pride" is still a common expression.—The meaning of the latter part of the sentence seems to be, "he is grown too proud of *being so valiant*."—H. N. H.

Bru.

Come:

Half all Cominius' honors are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
faults

To Marcius shall be honors, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic.

Let's hence, and hear

How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru.

Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

*Corioli. The Senate-house.**Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.**First Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,

That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf.

Is it not yours?

What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence: these are the words: I
think

I have the letter here: yes, here it is:

[*Reads*] 'They have press'd a power, but it is
not known

9. "press'd"; the use of "press'd" in this place is well explained by a passage in North's *Plutarch*: "The common people, being set

Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
 The people mutinous: and it is rumor'd, 11
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
 Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
 Consider of it.'

First Sen. Our army's in the field:

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
 To keep your great pretenses veil'd till when 20
 They needs must show themselves; which in the
 hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
 To take in many towns ere almost Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
 Let us alone to guard Corioli:
 If they set down before's, for the remove
 Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
 They've not prepared for us.

on a broile and bravery with these words, would not appeare when the Consuls called their names by a bill, to *presse* them for the warres. Martius then, who was now growne to great credit, and a stout man besides, rose up and openly spake against these flattering Tribunes: but to the warres the people by no means would be brought or *constrained*."—This note were hardly needful, but that the word is commonly given *prest*, and explained *ready*, *prompt*, from an old French word.—H. N. H.

Auf. O, doubt not that; 30
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honors.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honors safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

Rome. A room in Marcius' house.

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down
 on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing, or express
 yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my
 son were my husband, I should freelier re-
 joice in that absence wherein he won honor
 than in the embracements of his bed where
 he would show most love. When yet he was
 but tender-bodied, and the only son of my
 womb; when youth with comeliness plucked
 all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings'

35-36. That is, keep on striking till one hath struck his last.
 Modern editions, following Malone, have turned "ever" into "never."
 —H. N. H.

8. "plucked"; attracted.—C. H. H.

entreaties, a mother should not sell him an 10
 hour from her beholding; I, considering how
 honor would become such a person; that
 it was no better than picture-like to hang by
 the wall, if renown made it not stir, was
 pleased to let him seek danger where he was
 like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent
 him; from whence he returned, his brows
 bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I
 sprang not more in joy at first hearing he
 was a man-child than now in first seeing he 20
 had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam:
 how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my
 son; I therein would have found issue.
 Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen
 sons, each in my love alike, and none less

18. "*bound with oak*," as a mark of honor for saving the life of
 a citizen.—I. G.

This incident is related with much spirit in *Plutarch* as translated by North: "The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquine surnamed the Proud did come to Rome with all the aide of the Latines, and many other people of Italy; even as it were to set up his whole rest upon a battel by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdome againe; not so much to pleasure him, as to overthrow the power of the Romaines, whose greatnesse they both feared and envied. In this battell, wherein are many hote and sharpe encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the Dictator; and, a Romaine souldier being throwne to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slue the enemy with his owne hands, that had before overthrowne the Romaine. Hereupon, after the battell was won, the Dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore first of all he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughes. For whosoever saveth the life of a Romaine, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."—H. N. H.

dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action. 30

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:' his bloody brow 40

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria

46. "gilt" is an old word for *gilding*. So in *King Henry V*: "Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd."—H. N. H.

49. "*At Grecian sword, contemning*," etc.; F. 1 reads "At Grecian sword. *Contemning*, tell *Valeria*," etc.; the reading in the text

We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.* 50
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher and Gentlerwoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest
 housekeepers. What are you sewing here?
 A fine spot, in good faith. How does your
 little son? 60

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good
 madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a
 drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear,
 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked
 upon him o' Wednesday half an hour to-
 gether; has such a confirmed countenance. I
 saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and
 when he caught it, he let it go again; and 70
 after it again; and over and over he comes,
 and up again; caught it again: or whether
 his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so

substantially Collier's; many emendations have been proposed; per-
 haps a slightly better version of the line would be gained by the
 omission of the comma.—I. G.

The second folio changes *sword* to *swords*, and *contemning* to *con-
 tending*. "*Contemning*" was long since proposed by Mr. Singer, and
 is found written in Mr. Collier's second folio. There can be little
 doubt that it is the right word; and certainly it makes a most apt
 and striking figure.—H. N. H.

set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this 80
afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in. 90

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us. 100

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

97. "*moths*"; the word was pronounced "*motts*." There is thence, apparently, a play upon the cant meaning "*lovers*," a sense still current in Ireland. The *Slang Dict.* gives "*mot*," a girl of indifferent character.—C. H. H.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volsces have an ¹¹⁰ army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will ¹²⁰ but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colors, Marcius, Titus Lartius Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I 'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I 'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him
I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they
ours. 9

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy
blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with
others, on the walls.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off!
[*Alarum far off.*

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes 20
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders,
ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on,
my fellows:

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

14. "*that fears you less*"; Johnson conj. "*but fears you less*"; Johnson and Capell conj. "*that fears you more*"; Schmidt, "*that fears you,—less.*" The meaning is obvious, though there is a confusion, due to the case of the double negative in "*nor*" and "*less.*"—
I. G.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter Marcius, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of— Boils
and plagues 31

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and
hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe, 39
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their
wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good
seconds:

31. "you herd of—Boils," Johnson's emendation. Ff. 1, 2, "you Heard of Byles"; Ff. 3, 4, "you Herd of Biles"; Rowe, "you herds of biles"; Pope (ed. 1), "you herds; of boils"; Pope (ed. 2), Theobald, "you! herds of boils"; Collier MS., "unheard of boils," etc., etc.—I. G.

As the text stands, Marcius is characteristically seized with a transport of passion, and the break in his speech finely marks his sudden explosion of rage.—H. N. H.

42. "trenches followed"; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, "trenches followes"; Collier (ed. 1), "trenches follow"; (ed. 2), "trenches. Follow!"; Dyce, Lettsom conj. "trenches: follow me," etc.—I. G.

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I.

[*Marcus is shut in.*

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All.

To the pot, I warrant him.

[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcus?

All.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, 50
Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart.

O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left,
Marcus:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible

57. "*Cato's*"; Theobald's emendation of Ff., "*Calues*" and "*Calves*"; Rowe, "*Calous*."—I. G.

The original has it,—"*Even to Calues wish*"; a misprint easily corrected by recurring to North's *Plutarch*: "For he was even such another as *Cato* would have a souldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afraid with the sound of his voice and grimnesse of his countenance." *Cato* was not born till some 255 years after the death of *Coriolanus*. The Poet of course was led into the anachronism, by not observing the difference between historical narrative and dramatic representation.—H. N. H.

Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, 59
 Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!

Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V

Within Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

Sec. Rom. And I this.

Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for
 silver. *[Alarum continues still afar off.]*

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their
 hours

63. "make remain"; "make" is redundant.—C. H. H.

5. "hours"; Pope and Johnson changed *hours* to *honours*. *Hours* is ascertained to be the right reading, by referring to the authority which the Poet followed: "The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the souldiers began incontinently to spoile, to cary away, and to looke up the bootle they had wonne. But Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cryed out on them, that it *was* no time now to looke after spoile, and to runne stragling here and there to enrich themselves."—H. N. H.

At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden
spoons,

Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with
them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To
him! 10

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you
well:

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus 20
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
man,

Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! [*Exit Marcius.*
 Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
 Call thither all the officers o' the town,
 Where they shall know our mind. Away!
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

Near the camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we
 are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
 Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charged again. Whiles we have
 struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
 The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
 Lead their successes as we wish our own,
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
 counter,

May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued, 10
 And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:

G. "ye"; Ff., "the."—I. G.

The original has "The Roman gods"; but the words "give you
 thankful sacrifice" show that it should be *Ye*. The printer no doubt
 mistook *Ye* for the usual contraction of *the*.—H. N. H.

I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long
is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius'
tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Aye, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart 30
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the
other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches? 40
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentle-
men,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for
them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did
budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose. 50

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which
side
They have placed their men of trust?

36. "*pitying*"; that is, remitting his ransom.—H. N. H.

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
 Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
 Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
 Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
 By all the battles wherein we have fought,
 By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
 We have made to endure friends, that you
 directly
 Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
 And that you not delay the present, but, 60
 Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
 We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
 You were conducted to a gentle bath,
 And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
 Deny your asking: take your choice of those
 That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
 That most are willing. If any such be here—
 As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
 Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear 70
 Lesser his person than an ill report;
 If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
 And that his country's dearer than himself;
 Let him alone, or so many so minded,
 Wave thus, to express his disposition,
 And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their swords; take

53. Shakespeare uses *Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written *Antiat's*.—H. N. H.

70. "*his person*" is evidently used here for "*his personal danger*," or "*danger to his person*."—H. N. H.

him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
 If these shows be not outward, which of you
 But is four Volscies? none of you but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
 the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

76. Ff., "*O, me alone! make you a sword of me?*"; the punctuation in the text is Capell's. Clarke's explanation, making the line imperative, seems the most plausible:—"O take me alone for weapon among you all! make yourselves a sword of me."—I. G.

84-85. This passage has caused a good deal of perplexity. Mr. Singer many years ago proposed *some* instead of *four*, supposing what is known to have sometimes been the case, that the long *s*, as then written, was mistaken by the printer for an *f*. The change is indeed plausible; but the passage, though something awkward, seems intelligible enough as it stands. Of course the meaning is, that Marcius, in order to save time, will delegate to certain men the office of selecting, for the body he is to command, such as have most heart for a post of special danger. Mr. Collier's second folio reads,—"Please you, march *before*; and I shall quickly draw"; thus suppressing *to*, transposing *four* and changing it into *before*, and inserting *I*; all which is mending with a witness.—H. N. H.

SCENE VII

The gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dis-
patch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp con-
duct us. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII

*A field of battle between the Roman and the
Volscian camps.*

*Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides,
Marcius and Aufidius.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate
thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf.

We hate alike:

Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'tis not my
blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy re-
venge 10

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.

*[They fight, and certain Volsces come in the
aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till
they be driven in breathless.]*

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds. *[Exeunt.]*

12. That is, the *whip* that your bragg'd progenitors were possessed of. Steevens suggests that *whip* might be used as *crack* has been since, to denote anything peculiarly boasted of; as the *crack* house in the country, the *crack* boy of the school, etc.—H. N. H.

14–15. "*you have shamed . . . seconds*"; "You have to my shame sent me help, which I *condemn* as intrusive."—H. N. H.

The Roman camp.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the dull
tribunes,

Shall say against their hearts 'We thank the
gods

Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
Having fully dined before.

Lart. O general,

Hadst thou beheld—

12. The meaning is, "This man performed the action, and we only filled up the show."—H. N. H.

Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me grieves me. I have
 done
 As you have done; that's what I can: induced
 As you have been; that's for my country:
 He that has but effected his good will
 Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be 19
 The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
 The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings; and to silence that,
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech
 you—
 In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done—before our army hear
 me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
 To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
 And tent themselves with death. Of all the
 horses,
 Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,
 of all
 The treasure in this field achieved and city,
 We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
 Before the common distribution, at
 Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;

29. "Should they not"; that is, not be remember'd.—H. N. H

But cannot make my heart consent to take
 A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
 And stand upon my common part with those
 That have beheld the doing. 40

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius!
 Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances:
 Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,

Never sound more! when drums and trumpets
 shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
 be

Made all of false-faced soothing!

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,

Let him be made a coverture for the wars!

No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
 My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
 Which without note here 's many else have done,
 You shout me forth 50

In acclamations hyperbolical;

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauced with lies.

41-53. The chief departure from the folios in this doubtful passage is the substitution of "*coverture*" for "*overture*," as conjectured by Tyrwhitt; "*him*" is seemingly used here instead of the neuter "*it*."—I. G.

Touching the whole passage as here given, we may observe, that Marcius is referring to the "long flourish" which has just been made by the musical instruments in honor of his stout and valiant action. This he regards as a profanation; an using of that which was meant as an incitement to do, for the purpose of glorifying what has been done. And he wishes, not simply, as it is in the common reading, that those instruments may never sound more, but that they may never sound more, when thus abused to the end of sounding com-

Com.

Too modest are you;

More cruel to your good report than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put
 you,

Like one that means his proper harm, in
 manacles,

Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it
 known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius ⁵⁹
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamor of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. Bear
 The addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you:

pliments and flatteries on the battle-field. All such "false-fac'd soothing" he would have confined to "courts and cities," where steel itself is used for ornament, not for fighting. That Marcius, with his all-devouring passion for war, should speak of courts and cities as made up of false-faced soothing, is quite characteristic; but, as he thinks they *are* so already, he would not wish they might *become* so when drums and trumpets leave prompting and turn to complimenting feats of arms. So that the sense of the whole is well stated by Mr. Verplanck: "Let trumpets and drums cease to sound, when they become flatterers in the field. Let falsehood and flattery have the rule in courts and cities, where even steel becomes soft as the parasite's silk. But let martial music be the prelude only to war."—H. N. H.

I mean to stride your steed; and at all times 71
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

71-73. That is, "he will endeavor to support the honorable distinction conferred upon him, to the fair extent of his power."—H. N. H.

82-87. The Poet found this incident thus related in *Plutarch*: "Onely this grace, said he, I crave, and beseech you to grant me: Among the Volsces there is an old friend and hoast of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his owne countrey, liveth now a poore prisoner in the hands of his enemies; and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure, if I could save him from this one danger, to keepe him from being sold as a slave." This is all there is said of the matter.—H. N. H.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot: 90

I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.

Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time

It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X

The camp of the Volsces.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volscé, be that I am. Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy? Five times,
Marcius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat
me;

And wouldst do so I think should we encounter

As often as we eat. By the elements, 10

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation

2. "good condition"; good terms.—C. H. H.

Hath not that honor in 't it had; for where
 I thought to crush him in an equal force,
 True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some
 way,

Or wrath or craft may get him.

First Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valor's
 poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for him
 Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
 The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,

13. "*where*" for *whereas*.—H. N. H.

19. That is, "my valour, to reach his life, shall lose its nature, cease to be generous in respect of time and means."—In the next line, the meaning is, "*he* being naked, sick."—H. N. H.

25. That is, in my own house under my brother's protection.—Upon this speech of Aufidius Coleridge remarks as follows: "I have such deep faith in Shakespeare's heart-lore, that I take for granted that this is in nature; although I cannot in myself discover any germ of possible feeling, which could wax and unfold itself into such a sentiment. However, I perceive that in this speech is meant to be contained a prevention of shock at the after-change in Aufidius' character." This comment is commented on by Mr. Verplanck thus: "Such a criticism from Coleridge is worthy the reader's consideration, but I cannot myself perceive its justice. . . . The mortification of defeat embitters Aufidius' rivalry to hatred. When afterwards his banished rival appeals to his nobler nature, that hatred dies away, and his generous feeling revives. Bitter jealousy and hatred again grow up, as his glories are eclipsed by his former adversary; yet this dark passion, too, finally yields to a generous sorrow at his rival's death. I think I have observed very similar alternations of such mixed motives and sentiments, in eminent men, in the collisions of political life."

Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the
city;

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray
you— 30

'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Certainly, both these comments are very fine. For ourselves, however, we can discover in the speech nothing more than the natural extravagance of a generous, but most ambitious and very inconstant mind, writhing under an agony of extreme disappointment. In such cases, dark thoughts of revenge often bubble up in the mind from an unseen depth, yet do not crystallize into character.—
H. N. H.

31. In 1588 four corn mills were built on the south side of the Thames by the Corporation of London, close to the Globe Theater.—
C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius, with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Aye, to devour him; as the hungry 10 plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

17. "*In . . . poor in*"; so, likewise, in a Letter from Lord Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, found among the Weymouth

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored
with all. 20

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know
how you are censured here in the city, I mean
of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will
you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very lit- 30
tle thief of occasion will rob you of a great
deal of patience: give your dispositions the
reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the
least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in
being so. You blame Marcius for being
proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for
your helps are many, or else your actions
would grow wondrous single: your abilities 40
are too infant-like for doing much alone.
You talk of pride: O that you could turn
your eyes toward the napes of your necks,
and make but an interior survey of your
good selves! O that you could!

manuscripts, and quoted by Malone: "I did earnestly inquire of
hym in what estate he stood in for discharge of his former debts."—
H. N. H.

42-45. "O that," etc.; alluding to the fable, that every man has a
bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbor's faults; and
another behind him, in which he stows his own.—H. N. H.

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough 50 too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favoring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meet- 60 ing two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lyncurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see 70 this in the map of my microcosm, follows it

57–59. "*one that converses*," etc.; rather a late lier down than an early riser. So in *Love's Labor's Lost*: "In the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon."—H. N. H.

66. "*the ass in compound*," etc.; an element of the fool in all you say.—C. H. H.

71. "*map of my microcosm*"; according to the theory of the early Mystic philosophers, man was a microcosm or epitome of creation; the universe a macrocosm, or man on a grand scale. Bacon

that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good 80 wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by 90 your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous sub-

(*Ad. of Learning*, bk. ii.) mentions "the ancient opinion that man was *microcosmus*, an abstract or model of the world."—C. H. H.

87-88. "*set up the bloody flag*"; that is, declare war against patience.—H. N. H.

97-99. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence."—H. N. H.

jects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging ¹⁰⁰ of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honorable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen ¹¹⁰ of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*]

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honorable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Aye, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation. 120

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.

Hoo! Marcius coming home?

Vir. }
Val. } Nay 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:
a letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I
saw 't. 130

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of
seven years' health; in which time I will
make a lip at the physician: the most sov-
ereign prescription in Galen is but empiri-
cutic, and, to this preservative, of no better
report than a horse-drench. Is he not
wounded? he was wont to come home
wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't. 140

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings
a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become
him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the third
time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together,
but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant
him that: an he had stayed by him, I would 150

134. "*Galen*"; divers critics have made merry at the Poet for thus making Menenius refer to Galen, the person speaking having lived about 650 years before the person spoken of. We leave it for others to determine whether the anachronism were perpetrated in ignorance or in contempt of historical accuracy.—H. N. H.

144. "*On's brows*"; that is, "*he brings victory on his brows*"; for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the *oaken garland*. Volumnia's thoughts stick upon Menenius's question,—"*Brings a' victory in his pocket?*" and she takes no notice of the words,—"*The wounds become him.*"—H. N. H.

not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him. 160

Men. Wondrous! aye, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I 'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there 170 will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh; there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] 180 Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before

him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves
tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanced, declines, and then men
die.

*A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and
Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus
crowned with an oaken garland; with Cap-
tains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honor follows Coriolanus. 190

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity!

[Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honor newly named,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail! 200

186. That is, he has but to lift up his hand and let it fall, and men sink beneath it.—H. N. H.

200. By "gracious silence" is probably meant, "thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me than the clamor—"

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] O my
sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home:
And welcome, general: and ye 're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could
weep,

And I could laugh; I am light and heavy.
Welcome:

A curse begin at very root on 's heart, 210
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that
will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, war-
riors:

We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

applause of the rest." Thus in Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*: "You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric* and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Gracious* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *grateful*, *acceptable*, in the sense of the Italian *gratiato*.—H. N. H.

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia*] Your hand, and yours:

Ere in our own house I do shade my head, 220
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honors.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not
but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights 230

Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges horsed

233. "*chats*," is changed to *cheers* in Collier's second folio. To this Mr. Singer objects, that "*cheers* is never used by Shakespeare in the sense of *applauding*"; and he proposes to read *claps*. It seems to us that *chats* is just the right word, as it agrees precisely with *prattling*. Of course, "*she chats him*" means "*she makes him the theme of chat*."—H. N. H.

With variable complexions, all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and
 puff

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames 240
 Commit the war of white and damask in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him
 Were sliely crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honors
 From where he should begin and end, but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not
 The commoners for whom we stand but they
 Upon their ancient malice will forget 253
 With the least cause these his new honors; which
 That he will give them make I as little question
 As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility,

250. "*end*," i. e. to where he should end.—I. G.

256. "*proud to do 't*," is the same as "*proud of doing it*."—
 H. N. H.

250 "*The napless vesture of humility*"; this refers to the "*cus-*

Nor showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to
him, 263

And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred 270
He still hath held them; that to's power he
would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders
and
Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested

tom," described by Plutarch, for suitors to wear a single garment
only.—C. H. H.

267. "*as our good wills*"; that is, as our interest requires; "*wills*"
being a verb.—H. N. H.

271. "*to's power*"; that is, to the utmost of his power.—H. N. H.

At some time when his soaring insolence
 Shall touch the people—which time shall not
 want, 280

If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy
 As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
 That Marcius shall be consul:

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
 The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung
 gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
 Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended, 290
 As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and
 shouts:

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol,
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

280. "touch," Hanmer's emendation; Ff., "teach"; Theobald, "reach."—I. G.

288–289. "matrons flung gloves," etc.; here we have another anachronism; the Romans being represented as doing what, in the days of chivalry, was done at tiltings and tournaments in honor of the successful combatant.—H. N. H.

SCENE II

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here.

How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't. 10

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as 20

23. "discover"; prove.—C. H. H.

that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved' worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. 30 40

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volsces and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service that

31. "bonneted" is commonly explained as meaning to *take off* the cap or bonnet in token of humility. Knight, however, thinks, and with apparent justice, that the context requires the opposite meaning, thus: "His ascent is not by such easy degrees as theirs who, using the arts of popularity, *put on* the cap of office and patrician dignity, without doing any thing further to earn it."—H. N. H.

Hath thus stood for his country: therefore,
please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report 50
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We met here, both to thank and to remember
With honors like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us
think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*]
Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented 60
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honor and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people; 70
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.

Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.

First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honors' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your
people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down. 80

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun

When the alarum were struck than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That's thousand to one good one—when you
now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honor
Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Com-
inius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held

89-91. "*It is held that valor,*" etc.; this thought was evidently

That valor is the chieftest virtue and 90
 Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
 fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, 100
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He proved best man i' the field, and for his
 meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
 He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this
 last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;

borrowed from *Plutarch*: "Now, in those daies, valiantnes was honored in Rome above all other vertues; which they call by the name of vertue it selfe, as including in that generall name all other speciall vertues besides."—H. N. H.

101. "*struck him on his knee*"; not that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as made him *fall on his knee*.—H. N. H.

107. To *lurch* is to win or carry off easily the prize or stake at any game. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "You have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland." Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, has "A *lurch*, duplex palma, facilis victoria."—H. N. H.

And by his rare example made the coward 110
 Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem: his sword, death's
 stamp,

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli like a planet: now all 's his: 120
 When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
 His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the hon-
 ors

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at, 130
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck of the world: he covets less

111. "*weeds*"; so in the first folio; in the second "*weeds*" is changed to *waves*, which is preferred by some editors.—H. N. H.

116. "*was timed*"; that is, the cries of the dying *keep time* with his every motion.—H. N. H.

117. "*mortal*"; i. e. to anyone who entered it alone,—in the thought of those who looked on.—C. H. H.

Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:

Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains 140
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,

133. "*misery*" for *avarice*, because *miser* signifies *avaricious*.—
H. N. H.

142. "*that custom*"; Plutarch tells that suitors went in a *toga*—the principal and peculiarly Roman garment—without a *tunica*, or woollen sleeveless undergarment. North translated Amyot's rendering of this, "un robbe simple, sans saye dessousles," by "a simple gown . . . without any coat under it."—C. H. H.

Your honor with your form.

Cor. It is a part 150
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only!

Men. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them: and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honor. 159

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honor!
[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but Sicinius and Brutus.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require
them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

150. "*your form*" is the form which custom prescribes to you.—
H. N. H.

SCENE III

The same. The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude 10
is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; 20
not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colored: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of

4-5. "power" in the first instance here means *natural power*, or *force*, and then *moral power*, or *right*.—H. N. H.

one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly? 30

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: 40
you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behavior. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. 50
He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honor, in giving him our own voices with our own

tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. 'Look, sir, my
wounds! 60

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.'

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire
them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray
you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*]

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of
the Citizens.*] So, here comes a brace. 70

66-67. "*virtues Which our divines lose by 'em,*" i. e. "which our divines preach to men in vain"; but the line is possibly corrupt.—I. G.

This use of the term "*divines*" has been set down as another anachronism. No doubt it is so. And so in North's *Plutarch* we often find that the ancient Greeks and Romans had *bishops* among them. The Poet simply uses the language of his time to represent what has been done at all times.—H. N. H.

Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Aye, but not mine own desire.

Third Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging. 80

Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There 's in all two worthy 90 voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt the three Citizens.*]

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not desired nobly.

Cor. Your enigma? 100

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have 110 my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your country. 120

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [Exeunt.]

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,

121. "seal"; I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The "seal" is that which ratifies or completes a writing.—H. N. 11

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
 Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here;
 To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear, 129
 Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:
 What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honor go
 To one that would do thus. I am half through:
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here comes more voices.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six 141
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your
 voices:

128. "*woolvish toge*"; Steevens' conj., adopted by Malone; F. 1 reads "*Wooluish tongue*"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Woolvish gowne*"; Capell, "*wolfish gown*"; Mason conj. "*woollen gown*," or "*foolish gown*"; Beckett conj. "*woolish gown*"; Steevens' conj. "*woolvish tongue*"; Grant White conj. "*foolish toge*"; Clarke, (?) "*woolfnish*," i. e. "*woolenish*."—I. G.

This use of *woolvish* has been most variously argued and discussed. We believe it to be nothing less nor more than a simple allusion to the scriptural figure of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Not by any means that the Poet meant to make Coriolanus call himself a wolf; but he regards the figure in question merely as a general image of one trying to seem what he is not; and so makes the speaker apply it to himself simply as one who stands there clad in "the napless vesture of humility," while his heart is full of pride and disdain towards the part he is acting, and towards those whose suffrage he is asking. Brutus expresses the same thing afterwards: "With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds."—H. N. H.

Indeed, I would be consul.

Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! 150

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That in the official marks invested you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir. 160

Cor. That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*

He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks

'Tis warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

First Cit. He has our voices, sir. 169

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.

First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.

Third Cit. He said he had wounds which he could show in private; 180

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:

Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state, 192
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have
said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less 200
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

188. "*ignorant*"; that is, why did you lack the wit to discern it?—
H. N. H.

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
 Which easily endures not article 210
 Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his
 choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
 He did solicit you in free contempt
 When he did need your loves; and do you think
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had
 your bodies
 No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, denied the asker? and now again, 220
 Of him that did not ask but mock, bestow
 Your sued-for tongues?

Third Cit. He 's not confirm'd; we may deny him
 yet.

Sec. Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends
 to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those
 friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them
 take

Their liberties, make them of no more voice
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke 232
 Your ignorant election: enforce his pride
 And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay 240
 A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labor'd,
 No impediment between, but that you must
 Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
 More after our commandment than as guided
 By your own true affections; and that your
 minds,
 Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
 Than what you should, made you against the
 grain
 To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Aye, spare us not. Say we read lectures to
 you,
 How youngly he began to serve his country, 250
 How long continued; and what stock he springs
 of,

251-259. "*and what stock,*" etc.; Pope supplied this verse, which the context evidently requires, and which is warranted by the narration in *Plutarch*, from whence this passage is taken: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprong many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by co-

The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend 261
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your num-
ber,
Repair to the Capitol.

Citizens. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard, 270

duits. Censorinus *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to the city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus. Shakespeare confounded the ancestors and posterity of Coriolanus together.—H. N. H.

257-259. *Vide* Preface.—I. G.

Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caused

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
road

Upon 's again. .

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely 10
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices? 30

First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues? What
are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule, 40
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond
clouds, 50

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass

48-49. "*Not unlike*," etc.; that is, likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent, "Why, then, should I be consul?"—H. N. H.

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This paltering

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserved this so dishonor'd rub, laid falsely 60
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honor'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

60. The metaphor is from a *rub* at bowls.—H. N. H.

69–71. The thought is from North's *Plutarch*: "Moreover, he said that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolvency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people."—H. N. H.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people, 80
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall'?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. 'Shall'! 90

O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but

90. "*from the canon*"; an infraction of the rule; the tribunes have acted *ultra vires* in declaring what is to be, without the consent of the people.—C. H. H.

93. "*Hydra here*"; i. e. "the many-headed multitude"; so Ff. 2.—I. G.

The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not
spirit

To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then veil your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
trate;

And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove him-
self,

It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,—

98-101. *I. e.* "let your admitted ignorance take a lower tone and defer to their admitted superiority" (Clarke).—I. G.

110. It has been remarked that there was never a constitution which looks more unworkable on paper than the Roman. But the Romans had a genius for government, which prevented deadlocks.—C. H. H.

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know
the corn 120

Was not our recompense, resting well assured
They ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind
of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valor, spoke not for them: the accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest 131

The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: 'We did request
it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase

121. "*recompense*"; that is, the recompense due from us to them. We learn from Mr. Collier, that in a copy of the fourth folio, which once belonged to Southern, "*our*" is changed to *their*. But it seems indifferent whether the reading be, *our* recompense to them, or *their* recompense from us.—H. N. H.

The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares fears; which will in time
 Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
 The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor. No, take more: 140

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the
 other

Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
 wisdom,

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it
 follows,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, be-
 seech you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet; 150
 That love the fundamental part of state
 More than you doubt the change on 't; that pre-
 fer

A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physic

154. "*jump*"; Mr. Singer has lately set forth, with much confidence, an opinion, which we were at first inclined to adopt, that *jump* in this place is a misprint for *imp*. *Imp* is a term in falconry, and signifies, primarily to graft or insert feathers into the damaged wing of a hawk; and so runs into a secondary meaning of to repair or restore by artificial means. He says of *jump* that "nothing can be made of it." Mr. Singer is entitled to more respect than he sometimes shows towards others who are not less worthy of it

That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck
out

The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dis-
honor

Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't. 161

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald
tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was
law,

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet; 170
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

himself. As explained and confirmed by our quotations, to *jump* a body is just the very thing that would needs be done by using *dangerous physic*; nor is anything more natural or more common than to use such physic in cases where the patient is "sure of death without it." In other words, the sense of *risk* agrees much better with the context here, than that of *mend*.—H. N. H.

159. "*integrity*" seems to be here used in its primitive sense of *wholeness*, or *entireness*.—H. N. H.

170-171. "Let it be said by you that what is *meet* to be done, *must*

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, &c. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off!

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens! 180

Enter a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your
power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying,*

'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'

'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!'

'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay! hold! peace!'

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath.

Confusion's near. I cannot speak. You,
tribunes 190

To the people! Coriolanus, patience!

Speak, good Sicinius.

be meet, that is, *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power."—H. N. H.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak,
 speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
 Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
 Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
 This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Citizens. True, 200
 The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
 The people's magistrates.

Citizens. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
 To bring the roof to the foundation,
 And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
 In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
 Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power 210
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
 Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

213. "the rock Tarpeian"; a precipice on the Capitol, whence criminals were thrown.—C. H. H.

Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace!

Men. [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways, 220

That seem like prudent helps, are very poison-
ous

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon
him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fight-
ing:

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
me.

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, withdraw
awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Citizens. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the People, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! 230
All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

First Sen.

The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men.

For 'tis a sore upon us

You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech
you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they
are not,

Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol,—

Men.

Be gone: 240

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.

Cor.

On fair ground

I could beat forty of them.

Men.

I could myself

Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men.

Pray you, be gone: 250

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

242. "One time will owe another"; "Another time will offer when you may be quits with them." There is a common proverb, "One good turn deserves another."—H. N. H.

With those that have but little: this must be
patch'd

With cloth of any color.

Com.

Nay, come away.

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.]

First Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's
his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must
vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death. 260

[A noise within.]

Here 's goodly work!

Sec. Pat.

I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the
vengeance,

Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble.

Sic.

Where is this viper,

That would depopulate the city, and

Be every man himself?

Men.

You worthy tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,

And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than the severity of the public power,

Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit.

He shall well know 270

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul! 280

Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

275. "*Do not cry havoc*"; this signal for general slaughter was not to be pronounced with impunity, but by authority. Thus in the *Statutes and Ordynances of Warre*, 1513: "That no man be so hardy as to crye *havoke*, upon payne of him that is so founde begynner, to dye therfore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and their bodies to be punyshed at the kinges wyll."—H. N. H.

Men. Now the good gods forbid 290
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
 Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
 In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
 Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease;
 Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
 What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
 Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
 Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath
 By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his coun-
 try; 301

And what is left, to lose it by his country
 Were to us all that do't and suffer it
 A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
 It honor'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
 Being once gangrened, is not then respected
 For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.
 Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
 Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 310
 Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
 This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

293. "*Jove's own book*"; a Jewish not a Roman idea.—C. H. H.

304. "*clean kam*" appears to have been corrupted into *kim-kam*; of which word Holland's *Plutarch* furnishes several instances: "First mark, I beseech you, the comparison, how they go clean *kim kam* and against the stream, as if rivers run up hills."—H. N. H.

The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by
process;

Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru.

If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the wars ³²⁰
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

First Sen.

Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic.

Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer.

330

Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru.

Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you
there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men.

I'll bring him to you.

[*To the Senators*] Let me desire your com-
pany: he must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen.

Pray you, let 's to him.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II

*A room in Coriolanus's house.**Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
 That the precipitation might down stretch
 Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

A Patrician. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
 Does not approve me further, who was wont
 To call them woolen vassals, things created
 To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood up 12
 To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
 Why did you wish me milder? would you have
 me
 False to my nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,

810341

16. "O, sir, sir, sir"; in Mr. Collier's second folio this is altered to,

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
are,

With striving less to be so: lesser had been 20
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Aye, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
thing too rough;

You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!

"O, son, son, son!" which is certainly a plausible, perhaps an admissible change.—H. N. H.

21. "*thwartings of*"; Theobald's reading; Ff., "*things of*"; Rowe, "*things that thwart*"; Wright conj. "*things that cross*."—I. G.

24. "*Aye, and burn too*"; the Folios give this speech to Volumnia; but modern editors, arguing that she is advising patience, take it from her. Yet her point of view is quite clear. She despises and hates the plebeians as much as Coriolanus can, but she would choose her own time to show her wrath.—C. H. H.

29-31. This speech certainly appears very elliptical as it stands. In

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
 The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
 For the whole state, I would put mine armor on,
 Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
 Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
 Though therein you can never be too noble, 40
 But when extremities speak. I have heard you
 say,
 Honor and policy, like unsever'd friends,
 I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell
 me,
 In peace what each of them by the other lose,
 That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honor in your wars to seem

Mr. Collier's second folio a whole line is supplied to complete the sense, thus:

"I have a heart as little apt as yours
 To brook control without the use of anger;
 But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
 To better vantage."

Which, though not admissible into the text, forms a good comment on it, and brings out the right meaning. Mr. Singer thinks it probable "that the word *apt* has been misprinted for *soft*."—H. N. H.

32. "*to the herd*"; Warburton's suggestion, adopted by Theobald; Ff., "*to the heart*"; Collier MS., "*o' th' heart*," etc.—I. G.

The same you are not, which, for your best
ends,

You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honor, as in war, since that to both 50
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you,

But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonors you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words, 59
Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honor. I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon
'em,

55. "*roted*"; the old copy reads *roated*. Mr. Boswell says, perhaps it should be *rooted*: we have no example of *roted* for *got by rote*, but it is much in Shakespeare's manner of forming expressions.—H. N. H.

56. "*though but bastards and syllables*"; Capell, "*but bastards*"; Seymour conj. "*although but bastards, syllables*"; Badham conj. "*thought's bastards, and but syllables*."—I. G.

64. "*I am in this*"; Warburton, "In this advice I speak as your wife, your son," etc.—I. G.

For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men.

Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss 71
Of what is past.

Vol.

I prithee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with
them—

Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such busi-
ness

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the igno-
rant

More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry 79

That will not hold the handling: or say to them,

69. "*that want*"; i. e. the want of that inheritance.—I. G.

78. "*Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart*"; Johnson, "*With often,*" etc.; Capell, "*And often*"; Staunton conj. "*While often*"; Nicholson conj. "*Whiles-often*"; Warburton, "*Which soften.*"—I. G.

That is, "*which often do—thus,—correcting thy stout heart.*" Of course at the word *thus* she waves her head several times, acting out the verb while omitting it in her speech, and so making a practical illustration of what she would have him do. Commentators have stumbled much at the passage, from not knowing what to do with *which*. All becomes clear enough, when we thus make *which* to be governed, not by the *verbal sign* of the action, but by the action itself.—H. N. H.

If the text is right, "*humble*" must be an imperative. "*Humble* (your head), correcting thy pride with submissive gestures, like these." The passage barely yields sense; but of the many alterations proposed (such as Johnson's "*with*" for "*which*") none can be called convincing. Prof. Littledale proposes instead of "*often,*" "*offer*" (as if for decapitation).—C. H. H.

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
 Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were
 yours;
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
 Go, and be ruled; although I know thou hadst
 rather 90
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
 Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis
 fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
 Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
 Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?
 must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart 100
 A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't;

Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it,
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-
place!

You have put me now to such a part, which
never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't: 110

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take
up

The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms! I will not do 't; 120
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor

Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
 me,

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content: 130

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their
 loves,

Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-
 loved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm your-
 self

To answer mildly; for they are prepared
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
 Let them accuse me by invention, I
 Will answer in mine honor.

Men. Aye, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [*Exeunt*

125-127. "let . . . stoutness"; the meaning probably is, "let me suffer the worst that thy pride can bring upon me, rather than thus live in fear of what will grow from thy obstinacy."—H. N. H.

SCENE III

The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius and those senators
That always favor'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready. 10

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it
either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine,' if death, cry 'Death,'
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer and to have his worth
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which
looks

With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes. 30

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with
Senators and Patricians.*

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Aye, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The hon-
or'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love
among's!

29. "which looks," etc.; which promises with our aid to break his neck.—C. H. H.

35. "among's," i. e. among us; F. 1, "among's"; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "amongst you"; Pope, "amongst you"; Capell, "among us."—I. G.

Throng our large temples with the shows of
peace,

And not our streets with war!

First Sen.

Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people. 39

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: peace, I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you.

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show 50
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

36. "*throng*," Theobald's and Warburton's emendation of Ff., "*Through*."—I. G.

55. "*accents*," Theobald's correction of Ff., "*actions*."—I. G.

But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonor'd that the very hour. 60
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in 71
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him; even
this; 80

So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Served well for Rome—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your
mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pres-
ence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,

I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:

He 's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

Sic. He 's sentenced; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
hate 120

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still

127-133. "Have the power . . . blows"; Coriolanus imprecates upon the base plebeians that they may still retain the power of banishing their *defenders*, till their undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city *but themselves*; so that for want of those capable of conducting their defense, they may fall

To banish your defenders; till at length
 Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
 Making not reservation of yourselves, 130
 Still your own foes, deliver you as most
 Abated captives to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus Cominius, Menenius,
 Senators and Patricians.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
 hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
 Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard 140
 Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let's see him out at gates;
 come.

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

an easy prey to some nation who may conquer them without a struggle.—H. N. H.

130. "not"; Capell's correction of Ff., "but."—I. G.

133-135. "Despising," etc.; "It is remarkable that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one that he might have borrowed from this speech:—'*The people cannot see, but they can feel.*' It is not much to the honor of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: the
beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay,
mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

7-9. "*fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves A noble cunning*"; i. e. "When Fortune's blows are most struck home, to be gentle, although wounded, demands a noble philosophy" (Clarke). Pope, "*gently warded*"; Hanmer, "*greatly warded*"; Collier MS., "*gentle-minded*."—I. G.

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay,
mother,

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labors you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my
mother. 20

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad
women,

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot
well

My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—
your son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

30. The "*fen*" is the dragon's pestilential abode, which is talked of and shunned.—H. N. H.

32. "*common*," has *hazards* understood.—H. N. H.

Vol. My first son,
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee awhile: determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of
 us

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth ⁴⁰
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too
 full

Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall ⁵¹
 Hear from me still, and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
 If I could shake off but one seven years

33. "*first*" is used here, apparently, in the sense of *noblest*.—H. N. H.

36. "*exposure*"; doubtless a misprint for *exposure*.—H. N. H.

49. That is, of true metal. The metaphor from the touchstone for trying metals, is common in Shakespeare.—H. N. H.

From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'ld with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The same. A street near the gate.

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus,
with the Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
further.

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your
way. 10

Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague o' the
gods

11. "hoarded"; stored up for future vengeance.—C. H. H.

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus*]

Will you be gone?

Vir. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Aye, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!²⁰

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words; And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what; yet go:

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He 'ld make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

16. "*Are you mankind?*"; that is, "*are you a man?*" implying, of course, that she is somewhat viraginous. She kills the insult by ignoring it, choosing to understand him as asking whether she be
—an.—H. N. H.

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country 30
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. 'I would he had!' 'Twas you incensed the
rabble;

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son— 40
This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself, 50

And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

[*Exeunt Vol. and Vir.*

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III

A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as
you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you;
but your favor is well appeared by your
tongue. What's the news in Rome? I 10
have a note from the Volscian state, to find
you out there: you have well saved me a
day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange in-
surrection; the people against the senators,
patricians and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state
thinks not so: they are in a most warlike

preparation, and hope to come upon them in
the heat of their division. 20

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again: for the
nobles receive so to heart the banishment of
that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a
ripe aptness to take all power from the peo-
ple, and to pluck from them their tribunes
for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you,
and is almost mature for the violent break-
ing out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished! 30

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence,
Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I
have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt
a man's wife is when she's fallen out with
her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius
will appear well in these wars, his great op-
poser, Coriolanus, being now in no request
of his country. 40

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,
thus accidentally to encounter you: you have
ended my business, and I will merrily ac-
company you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you
most strange things from Rome; all tending
to the good of their adversaries. Have you
an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and
their charges, distinctly billeted, already in 50

the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Antium. Before Aufidius's house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me
not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with
stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exer-
cise

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance, 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends

And interjoin their issues. So with me:

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

23. "*My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon*"; Capell's emendation. F. 1 reads, "*My Birth-place have I, and my loves upon*"; Ff. 2, 3, "*My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon*"; F. 4, "*My Birth-place have I, and my Lover left; upon*"; Pope, "*My birth-place have I and my lovers left*"; Becket conj. "*My country have I and my lovers lost,*" etc.—I. G.

SCENE V

The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment, 10
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

10-11. That is, in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.—H. N. H.

Sec. Serv. 'Away!' get you away.

Cor. Now thou 'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you
talked with anon. 20

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

Third Serv. What fellow's this?

First Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on:

I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee,
call my master to him. [*Retires.*]

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow?

Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your
hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman. 30

Third Serv. A marvelous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up
some other station; here's no place for you;
pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on
cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*]

Third Serv. What, you will not? Prithee, tell
my master what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.* 40

Third Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Aye.

Third Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows!
What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with
daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master. 50

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my
master?

Cor. Aye; 'tis an honest service than to med-
dle with thy mistress:

Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy
trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*]

Enter Aufidius with the second Servingman.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I 'ld have beaten him like
a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

[*Retires.*]

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?
thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy
name? 60

Cor. [*Unmuffling*] If, Tullus,
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost
not

Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet? 70

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name
remains: 80

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of
hope—

Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers, 90
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, thou wilt revenge

67. "*appearance*"; F. 1, "*apparance*" (probably the recognized form of the word, representing the pronunciation at the time).—I. G.

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
maims

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it
That my revengeful services may prove

As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou darest not this and that to prove more
fortunes 100

Thou 'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am

Longer to live and most weary, and present

My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;

Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's
breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless

It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter 110

Should from yond cloud speak divine things,

And say 'Tis true,' I 'ld not believe them more

Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where against

My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

And scarr'd the moon with splinters: here I clip

The anvil of my sword, and do contest

vil of my sword"; he calls Coriolanus the anvil of his

As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man 121
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me; 130
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat;
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, 140
Who am prepared against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
have

sword, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him as a
smith strikes on his anvil.—H. N. H.

The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission, and set down—
 As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness—thine
 own ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in: 150
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand:
 most welcome!

*[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius. The two
 Servingmen come forward.]*

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have
 stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my
 mind gave me his clothes made a false re-
 port of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me 160
 about with his finger and his thumb, as one
 would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there
 was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of
 face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term
 it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were—
 Would I were hanged, but I thought there
 was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply 170
 the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

Sec. Serv. Who? my master?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defense of a town, our 180 general is excellent.

First Serv. Aye, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servingman.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to 190 thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say, thwack our general?

Third Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli he 200

scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself ²¹⁰ makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd. 220

Sec. Serv. And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he 's in directitude.

211. "*sanctifies himself*"; considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress.—H. N. H.

227. "*directitude*"; probably meant as a blunder for *discreditudo*; the servant endeavoring to say something very grand and fine. Collier's second folio unnecessarily changes it to *dejectitudo*.—H.

First Serv. Directitude! what's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again and the man in blood, they ²³⁰ will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently: you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad- ²⁴⁰ makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuck- ²⁵⁰ olds.

First Serv. Aye, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

First and Sec. Serv. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

Rome. A public place.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends

Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time.

Enter Menenius.

Is this Menenius? 10

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth
stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better,
if

He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbors. 20

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on
our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbors: we wish'd Corio-
lanus

Had loved you as we did.

Citizens. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war, but insolent, 30

O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all think-
ing,

Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories, 40
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for
Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumor whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been 50
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going

All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir, 61
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't. 70

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and
took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news? 80

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;

To see your wives dishonor'd to your noses,—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray,
your news?—

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. If!

He is their god: he leads them like a thing 90

Made by some other deity than nature,

That shapes man better; and they follow him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,

Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,

You and your apron-men; you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic-eaters!

94. "*butterflies*"; the repetition, otherwise irritating, of "flies" in the next line, makes it possible that Shakespeare used here the form "*butterflee*," found in Drayton, *Mus. Elys.* viii., rhyming with "be" (L.).—C. H. H.

98. "*the breath of garlic-eaters*"; to smell of *garlic* was a brand

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made
fair work! 100

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Aye; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
him?

Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd
him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face

of vulgarity; as to smell of leeks was no less so among the Roman people.—H. N. H.

100. "*shake down mellow fruit*"; a ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.—H. N. H.

105. "*constant*"; confirmed.—C. H. H.

112–114. "*They charg'd and therein show'd,*" has here the force of "they would charge, and therein show."—H. N. H.

To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made
fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it. 120

Men. How! was it we? we loved him; but, like
beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,

The second name of men, obeys his points

As if he were his officer: desperation

Is all the policy, strength and defense,

That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.

And is Aufidius with him? You are they

That made the air unwholesome, when you cast

Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at 131

Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;

And not a hair upon a soldier's head

Which will not prove a whip: as many cox-
combs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down,

And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;

If he could burn us all into one coal,

We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,

When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity. 140

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third. Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us: that we did, we did
for the best; and though we willingly con-
sented to his banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. Ye 're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made

Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the
Capitol?

Com. O, aye, what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have 151
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, mas-
ters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the
wrong when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let 's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie! 161

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII

A camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proud-
lier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature 10
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows
not
What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword, yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too: 30
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honors even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances 40
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving

34. "*as is the osprey*"; referring to the power of fascination formerly attributed to the osprey. This fine allusion is well explained by the following from Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, Song xxv.:

"The *ospray* oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies up as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw."

—H. N. H.

41. "*nature, not to be other,*" etc.; his unbending temperament.—
C. H. H.

42-43. "*not moving from the casque to the cushion*"; Aufidiur

From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time; 50
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths
do fail.

signs three probable reasons for the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* to the *cushion*, or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war (Johnson).—H. N. H.

46. "*not all*"; in their full extent.—H. N. H.

49. "*to choke it in the utterance*"; but such is his merit as ought to choke the utterance of his faults.—H. N. H.

49–53. The sense of the lines should be to this effect—"Power is in itself most commendable, but the orator's chair, from which a man's past actions are extolled, is the inevitable tomb of his power." The passage is crude, and many suggestions have been advanced.—I. G.

"*our virtues lie*," etc.; our reputation for virtue is in the hands of our contemporaries; and power, confident of its own merits, has no more obvious road to ruin than by proclaiming them. This I think the clear sense. But some commentators prefer to understand the whole as a tribute to Coriolanus, taking "tomb" in the sense of "monument."—C. H. H.

55. "*fouler*"; Dyce's ingenious reading, "*falter*," is the best conjectural emendation of the line.—I. G.

**Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is
thine**

**Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine. [Exeunt.]**

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

Rome. A public place.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius and Brutus,
the two Tribunes, with others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general, who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me
father:

But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

5. "*knee*"; so in the original. Modern editions generally have demented the expression by turning *knee* into *kneel*. Of course, to *knee* one's way is to go on one's *knees*, as to *foot* one's way is to go on one's *feet*.—H. N. H.

Men. Why, so: you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had banish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offense.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains: 30
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

16-17. That is, destroyed a noble *memorial* of Rome by expatriating the great fame and services of Coriolanus. The original gives the passage thus, precisely:

"A paire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory."—H. N. H.

Men. No, I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do 40
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not dined: 50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,

50. "This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one who, in the beginning of the play, had told us that he loved convivial doings" (Warburton).—H. N. H.

56. "priest-like fasts"; the Poet here attributes to the old Romans the modern customs of the Romish Church; by whose discipline the priests are forbid to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day.—H. N. H.

And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him, 60
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowl-
edge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise;' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would
do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would
not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:

63. "The ambassadors that were sent were Marcius' familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less; for at their coming they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty" (North).—C. H. H.

69. Many emendations have been proposed to clear up the obscurity of the line. It appears to mean either (i.) that Coriolanus bound Cominius by an oath to yield to his conditions; or (ii.) that Coriolanus was bound by an oath as "*to what he would not*," unless the Romans should yield to his conditions. Johnson proposed to read—

*"What he would not,
Bound by an oath. To yield to his conditions,"—*

the rest being omitted. Many attempts have been made to improve the passage, but no proposal carries conviction with it.—I. G.

The transaction is obscurely described. Apparently it is thus. Coriolanus indicates what he will concede, and binds himself by oath to concede nothing more.—C. H. H.

So that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
 hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

*Entrance to the Volscian camp before Rome.
 Two Sentinels on guard.*

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your
 leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must return:
 our general

Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You 'll see your Rome embraced with
 fire, before

You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good, my friends,

70-72. That is, "unless there be hope *in* his noble mother and his wife"; or perhaps the construction should be thus: "Unless his noble mother and his wife solicit him for mercy to his country; who, as I hear, mean *to do so.*"—H. N. H.

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks 10
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Men-
enius.

First Sen. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your
name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fel-
low,

I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many
lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in
your own, you should not pass here; no,
though it were as virtuous to lie as to live
chastely. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of 30
your general.

Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as
you say you have, I am one that, telling true
under him, must say, you cannot pass.
Therefore go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then you should hate Rome, as he 40
does. Can you, when you have pushed out
your gates the very defender of them, and,
in a violent popular ignorance, given your
enemy your shield, think to front his re-
venges with the easy groans of old women,
the virginal palms of your daughters, or with
the palsied intercession of such a decayed do-
tant as you seem to be? Can you think to
blow out the intended fire your city is ready 50
to flame in, with such weak breath as this?
No, you are deceived; therefore, back to
Rome, and prepare for your execution: you
are condemned; our general has sworn you
out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,
he would use me with estimations.

First Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First Sen. My general cares not for you.
Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half- 60
pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of
your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand

for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee. 70 80

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, 91

82. "your"; so Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4, "our."—I. G.

91-92. "though I owe My revenge properly"; i. e. "though revenge is my own, remission belongs to the Volscians."—I. G.

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
 Than pity note how much. Therefore be gone.
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved
 thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,
 And would have sent it. [*Gives him a letter.*]

Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
 Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auf. You keep a constant temper. 102

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*]

First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
 you know the way home again.

First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for
 keeping your greatness back?

Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to
 swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your gen- 110
 eral: for such things as you, I can scarce
 think there's any, ye're so slight. He that
 hath a will to die by himself fears it not from
 another: let your general do his worst. For
 you, be that you are, long; and your misery
 increase with your age! I say to you, as I
 was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general:
 he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. 120

[*Exeunt.*]

113. "die by himself"; that is, by his own hands.—H. N. H.

SCENE III

The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how
plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father, 10
Nay, godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, here-
after

3. "*how plainly*" is how *openly*, how *remotely* from artifice or concealment.—H. N. H.

Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what shout is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honor'd mould

Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should 30

In supplication nod: and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volsces

Plow Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never

Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,

As if a man were author of himself

And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now 40

I have forgot my part and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
 For that 'Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*

Of thy deep duty more impression show 51
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee, and improperly
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?
 Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun, 60
 Murdering impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
 I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle

46. "by the jealous queen of heaven"; Juno, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.—H. N. H.

65. "The moon of Rome"; Luna was identified with Diana and

That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst
prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady and myself
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never

was hence the goddess of chastity. The "chaste," "cold" moon belongs to classic, the "fickle" ("lunish") moon to mediæval, folklore.
—C. H. H.

67. "*dear Valeria*"; a lady named Valeria was one of the great examples of chastity held out by the writers of the middle ages. The following lines, from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, deserve to be cited here:

"Thou art chaste
As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
Upon the wings of the cold winter's gale,
Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."

—H. N. H.

71. "*supreme Jove*"; this is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary god of Rome.—H. N. H.

80. "*The thing I have forsworn*," etc.; i. e. in saying no, I shall not be refusing *your* request, as such, but merely observing my oath to refuse any.—C. H. H.

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me 81
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame 90
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear
us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your re-
quest?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self

How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and
sorrow; 100

Making the mother, wife and child, to see
The son, the husband and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
 Alas, how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,

Whereto we are bound? alack, or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find 111
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thorough our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm of having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
 son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune till
 These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts 121
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country than to tread—
 Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's
 womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Aye, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
 name
 Living to time.

Boy. A' shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
 fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. 130

I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscs whom you serve, you might condemn us,

As poisonous of your honor: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscs
May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans,

'This we received;' and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest
For making up this peace!' Thow know'st,
great son, 140

The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: 'The man was noble,

But with his last attempt he wiped it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me,
son:

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
To imitate the graces of the gods; 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak?

Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man

Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak
you:

He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou,
boy:

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the
world

More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy
life 160

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;

When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honor. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride 170
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last: so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbors. Nay, behold's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch:

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire, 181
And then I'll speak a little.

[*After holding her by the hand, silent*] O
mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do
ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!

You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufi-
dus,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing to make

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my
part,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
you,

Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy
and thy honor 200

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work

201-202. "*out of that,*" etc.; "I will take advantage of this to regain my former credit and power."—H. N. H.

Myself a former fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Aye, by and by:—

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Rome. A public place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond
corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the
ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may
prevail with him. But I say there is no hope
in't: our throats are sentenced, and stay
upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter 10
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.
This Marcius is grown from man to dragon:

he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes; when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in. 20

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you. 30

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house: 40

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,

25. "*made for*"; that is, as one made to resemble Alexander.—
H. N. H.

And hale him up and down, all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news; the ladies have
prevail'd,

The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
of it? 51

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
hark you!

[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout*
within.

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

56. "*Make the sun dance*"; alluding to the belief that the sun
danced on Easter Day; cf. Sir John Suckling—

"she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight."—C. H. H.

A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day: 60

This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'ld not have given a doit. Hark, how they
joy! [*Music still, with shouts.*]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings;
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

The same. A street near the gate.

Enter two Senators with Volumnia, Virgilia, Valeria, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians and others.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry 'Welcome, ladies, welcome!'

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exe*

SCENE VI

Corioli. A public place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words: dispatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so 10

As with a man by his own alms empoison'ed,
 And with his charity slain.

Sec. Con. Most noble sir.

If you do hold the same intent wherein
 You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
 Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:

We must proceed as we do find the people.

Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of
 either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it,
And my pretext to strike at him admits 20
A good construction. I raised him, and I
pawn'd
Mine honor for his truth: who being so
heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost 28
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him,
Made him joint-servant with me, gave him way
In all his own desires, nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men, served his design-
ments

In mine own person, help to reap the fame

36–37. "*reap the fame which he did end*"; that is, which he *in the end did make* all his. We are not a little moved to adopt in this place a change proposed by Singer, as *reap* and *end* seem to mean the same thing, whereas the context clearly requires words of different meanings. Mr. Collier's second folio having changed *end* to *ear*, Singer remarks thereupon as follows: "The substitution of *ear* for *end* is a good emendation of an evident misprint, but the correctors have only half done their work: *ear*, that is, plough, and *reap* should change places; or Aufidius is made to say that he had a share in the harvest, while Coriolanus had all the labour of ploughing." The reading would then be,—"*Help to ear the fame which he did*

Which he did end all his; and took some pride
 To do myself this wrong: till at the last
 I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
 He waged me with his countenance, as if 40
 I had been mercenary.

First Con. So he did, my lord:
 The army marvel'd at it, and in the last,
 When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
 For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it:
 For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
 him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
 As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labor
 Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
 And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark!
 [*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of
 the people.*]

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a
 post, 50
 And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
 Splitting the air with noise.

Sec. Con. And patient fools,
 Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
 tear
 With giving him glory.

Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,

reap all his." The passage, however, makes tolerable sense as it stands, and therefore we retain it.—H. N. H.

40. "waged"; the verb *to wage* was formerly in general use for *to stipend*, *to reward*. The meaning is, "the countenance he gave me was a kind of wages." So in Heywood's *Wise Woman of Hogsdon*: "I receive thee gladly to my house, and wage thy stay."—H. N. H.

Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more:

Here come the lords.

60

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.

What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him. 70

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colors;
the commoners being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,

67-68. "answering us with our own charge"; that is, making the cost of the war its recompense.—H. N. H.

That prosperously I have attempted, and
 With bloody passage led your wars even to
 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have
 brought home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
 The charges of the action. We have made
 peace,

With no less honor to the Antiates 80
 Than shame to the Romans: and we here de-
 liver,

Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
 Together with the seal o' the senate, what
 We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
 He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

Auf. Aye, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Aye, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
 name

Coriolanus, in Corioli? 90

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
 He has betray'd your business, and given up,
 For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
 I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
 Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
 He whined and roar'd away your victory;
 That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy!' O
slave!

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him. 110

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy!' false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. 'Boy!'

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-
gart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consp. Let him die for 't. 120

All the People. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it
presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My

102. "No more"; that is, "no more" than a "boy of tears."—
H. N. H.

daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.'
 'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
 The man is noble, and his fame folds-in
 This orb o' the earth. His last offenses to us
 Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
 And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
 With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130
 To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
 [*The Conspirators draw, and kill*
Coriolanus: Aufidius stands on
his body.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valor
 will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be
 quiet;

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this
 rage

Provoked by him, you cannot—the great
 danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll re-
 joice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honors

126-127. "*his fame folds in this orb*"; his fame overspreads the world.—H. N. H.

To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
 Myself your loyal servant, or endure
 Your heaviest censure. 141

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
 And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
 As the most noble corse that ever herald
 Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
 Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
 Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
 And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
 Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
 Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
 Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city
 he 152

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
 Which to this hour bewail the injury,
 Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Corio-
 lanus. A dead march sounded.*]

155. "memory"; here again we have *memory* used for *memorial*.—
 H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- ABATED**, down-trodden, beaten-down (S. Walker conj. "*abased*"); III. iii. 132.
- ABSOLUTE**, perfect; IV. v. 143.
- ABUSED**, deceived; III. i. 58.
- ADDITION**, title; I. ix. 66.
- ADVANCED**, raised, uplifted; I. vi. 61.
- AFFECT**, desire, aim at; II. ii. 24.
- AFFECTING**, aiming at; IV. vi. 32.
- AFFECTION**, inclination, tendency; I. i. 113.
- AFFECTIONS**, inclinations, desires; I. i. 187.
- AFFECTS**, aims at; III. iii. 1.
- AFRIC**, Africa; I. viii. 3.
- AFTER**, afterwards; II. ii. 58.
- AFTER YOUR WAY**, after you have told his story in your own way; V. vi. 58.
- AGAINST**, over against, in the way of; III. i. 247.
- AGE**, lifetime; IV. vi. 51.
- AGES**, time, life; III. i. 7.
- ALARUM**, call to arms; II. ii. 82.
- ALL**, any; III. i. 144.
- , "all gaze;" the gaze of every eye; I. iii. 9.
- , "all our lamentation"; i. e. "the sorrow of us all"; IV. vi. 34.
- ALLAYING**, tempering, diluting; II. i. 54.
- ALLOW**, acknowledge; III. iii. 45.
- ALLOWANCE**, acknowledgment; III. ii. 57.
- AMAZONIAN CHIN**, chin beardless as that of a female warrior; II. ii. 97.
- AN**, if; II. i. 150.
- ANCIENT**, old, former; IV. i. 3; inveterate; II. i. 253; IV. v. 103.
- ANON**, at once; II. iii. 155.
- ANSWER**, meet in battle; I. ii. 19.
- , take advantage; II. iii. 273.
- , punishment, answering of a charge; III. i. 177.
- ANSWERING**, requiting, paying the debt due to us; V. vi. 67.
- ANTIATES**, people of Antium; III. iii. 4.
- ANTIQUÉ**, old; II. iii. 132.
- APPEARED**, apparent; (Hanmer, "*affeer'd*"; Warburton, "*appeal'd*"; Jackson conj. "*appare'l'd*"); IV. iii. 9.
- APPROBATION**, "upon your a." for the purpose of confirming your election; II. iii. 158.
- APRON-MEN**, mechanics; IV. vi. 96.
- APT**, susceptible; III. ii. 29.
- ARABIA**, the Arabian desert; IV. ii. 24.
- ARE TO**, belong to; I. i. 283.
- ARITHMETIC**, calculation; III. i. 245.
- ARM YOURSELF**, prepare yourself; III. ii. 138.

ARRIVING, having reached; II. iii. 195.
 ARTICLE, condition; II. iii. 210.
 ARTICULATE, enter into negotiations; I. ix. 77.
 AS, as if; I. i. 22; I. i. 223.
 —, as that; II. i. 256.
 —, as that with which; III. iii. 74.
 ASSEMBLY (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 165.
 ASSISTANCE, persons assisting; (Hammer, "*assistants*"; Walker, "*assistancy*"); IV. vi. 33.
 AT, at the price of; V. vi. 46.
 AT A WORD, in a word, in short; I. iii. 126.
 AT HOME, in my own home; I. x. 25.
 ATONE, reconciled; IV. vi. 72.
 AT POINT, on the point of; III. i. 194.
 ATTACH, arrest; III. i. 175.
 ATTEND, listen; I. ix. 4.
 —, await; II. ii. 166.
 ATTENDED, waited for; I. x. 30.
 ATTENDS, awaits; I. i. 84.
 AUBURN, probably flaxen; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Abram*"); II. iii. 22.
 AUDIBLE, quick of hearing; IV. v. 244.
 AUGURER, soothsayer; II. i. 1.
 AUSTERITY AND GARB, austere demeanor; IV. vii. 44.
 AUTHORITY, those in power; I. i. 16.
 AVOID, quit; IV. v. 26.
 —, get you gone; IV. v. 35.
 BAES, cries *ba*; II. i. 12.
 BALD, senseless; III. i. 165.
 —, uncovered, bareheaded; IV. v. 210.
 BALE, harm, injury; "must have b," "must get the worst of it;" I. i. 173.

BARE; "a b. petition,"= a mere petition; V. i. 20.
 BATS, heavy sticks; I. i. 61.
 BATTEN, grow fat; IV. v. 36.
 BATTLE, army drawn up in battle array; I. vi. 51.
 BEAM; "below the b. of sight," farther down than the range of sight; III. ii. 5.
 BEARD TO BEARD, face to face; I. x. 11.
 BEAR THE KNAVE, bear being called knave; III. iii. 33.
 BECAUSE THAT, because; III. ii. 52.
 BEMOCK, intensive form of *mock*; I. i. 267.
 BE NAUGHT, be lost; III. i. 231.
 BENDED, made obeisance, bowed; II. i. 290.
 BE OFF, take my hat off; II. iii. 112.
 BE PUT, come; III. i. 233.
 BEST, *i. e.* best, chief men; I. ix. 77.
 BESTRID, bestrode, *i. e.* stood over to defend a fallen soldier; II. ii. 98.
 BE THAT I AM, show myself in my true character; I. x. 5.
 BEWRAY, reveal, show, betray; V. iii. 95.
 BISSON CONSPICUITIES, purblind powers of sight; (Ff. 1, 2, "*beesome*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*beesom*" and "*Besom*"); II. i. 73.
 BLEEDING, *i. e.* "without having, as it were, dressed and cured it" (Schmidt); II. i. 90.
 BLESS'D, happy; II. ii. 64.
 BLESS FROM, preserve from; I. iii. 51.
 BLOOD, offspring, son; I. ix. 14.
 BLOWN, swollen; V. iv. 52.
 BOLTED, sifted, refined; III. i. 322.
 BONNET, cap, hat; III. ii. 73.

- BONNETED**, *i. e.* unbonneted, took off their caps or bonnets; (Johnson conj. "*unbonneted*") ; II. ii. 31.
- BOSOM MULTIPLIED**, "the bosom of that many-headed monster, the people" (Malone); III. i. 131.
- BOTCHER**, patcher of old clothes; II. i. 102.
- BOUNTIFUL**, bountifully; II. iii. 115.
- BRAND**, stigma; III. i. 304.
- BRAWN**, brawny or muscular part of the arm; IV. v. 127.
- BREAK HIS NECK**, cause his downfall, destroy him; III. iii. 30.
- BREATHE YOU**, take breath; I. vi. 1.
- BRIEFLY**, a short time ago, lately; I. vi. 16.
- BROILS**, wars; III. ii. 81.
- BROKE**, broken; IV. iv. 19.
- BROW-BOUND**, crowned; II. ii. 104.
- BUDGE**, flee, flinch; I. vi. 44.
- BULKS**, the projecting parts of shop on which goods were exposed for sale; II. i. 235.
- BUSSING**, kissing; III. ii. 75.
- BY**, at; I. vi. 5.
- , in comparison with; I. x. 18.
- , next to, near; III. i. 101.
- CAMBRIC**, a fine white linen stuff; I. iii. 98.
- CAME OFF**, escaped; II. ii. 118.
- CANKER'D**, corrupted, polluted; IV. v. 98.
- CANOPY**, *i. e.* the canopy of heaven, the sky; IV. v. 42.
- CAPITAL**, deadly; V. iii. 104.
- CAPITULATE**, make terms; V. iii. 82.
- CAPS AND LEGS**, salutations, obeisance; II. i. 80.
- CARBONADO**, a piece of meat cut and slashed for broiling; IV. v. 201.
- CASQUE**, helmet; IV. vii. 43.
- CATCHED**, caught; I. iii. 72.
- CATS**, a term of contempt; (Collier MS. "*Curs*"; Staunton conj. "*Bats*"; Gould conj. "*Rats*";); IV. ii. 34.
- CAUSE**, occasion, opportunity; II. iii. 208.
- , quarrel; III. i. 235.
- , "as c. will be obeyed," as occasion shall dictate; I. vi. 83.
- CAUTELOUS**, crafty; IV. i. 33.
- CENSURE**, judgment; I. i. 278.
- , sentence; III. iii. 46.
- CENSURED**, estimated; II. i. 24.
- CENTURIES**, bodies of a hundred men; I. vii. 3.
- CENTURIONS**, Roman officers who had the command of a hundred soldiers; IV. iii. 49.
- CHAFED**, vexed, angered; III. iii. 27.
- CHANGE OF HONORS**, fresh honors, variety of honors; (Theobald, "*charge*";); II. i. 223.
- CHARGE**, cost; V. vi. 68.
- CHARG'D**, would charge; IV. vi. 112.
- CHARGES**, troops, companies; IV. iii. 50.
- CHARTER**, privilege; I. ix. 14.
- CHATS**, chats of, gossips about; II. i. 233.
- CHOICE**; "at thy c.," do as you like; III. ii. 123.
- CHOOSE**, fail to; IV. iii. 41.
- CHOSE**, chosen; II. iii. 168.
- CIRCUMVENTION**, the power of circumventing; I. ii. 6.
- CLAPP'D TO**, quickly shut; I. iv. 51.

CLEAN *KAM*, quite from the purpose; *kam* = crooked; III. i. 304.

CLIP, embrace; I. vi. 29.

CLUCK'D, called, as a hen does; (F. 1, "*clock'd*"); V. iii. 163.

CLUSTERS, mobs; IV. vi. 192.

CLUTCH'D, if there were clutched; III. iii. 71.

COCKLE, weed which grows in cornfields; III. i. 70.

COG, cheat, cozen; III. ii. 133.

COIGN, corner; V. iv. 1.

COME OFF, come out of the battle; I. vi. 1.

COMFORTABLE, cheerful; I. iii. 2.

COMMANDED, entrusted with a command; I. i. 272.

COMMANDMENT, command; II. iii. 244.

COMMEND, recommend, introduce; IV. v. 151.

COMMON, commons, people; I. i. 161.

COMMON PART, share in common; I. ix. 39.

COMPANIONS, fellows; (used contemptuously); IV. v. 14.

COMPLEXIONS, temperaments, dispositions; II. i. 237.

COMPOUNDED, agreed; V. vi. 84.

CONCLUDE, decide; III. i. 144.

CONDEMNED, (?) damnable; I. viii. 15.

CONDITION, disposition; II. iii. 109.

CONFIRMED, determined, resolute; I. iii. 68.

CONFOUND, waste; I. vi. 17.

CONFUSION, ruin; III. i. 110.

CONIES, rabbits; IV. v. 231.

CONN'D, learned; IV. i. 11.

CONSENT OF, agreement about; II. iii. 26.

CONSTANT, true to my word; I. i. 249.

CONTRIVED, plotted; III. iii. 63.

CONVENTED, convened; II. ii. 60.

CONVERSES, is conversant, associates; II. i. 57.

CORIOLI WALLS, the walls of Corioli; I. viii. 8.

CORMORANT, ravenous; I. i. 131.

COUNTENANCE, mere patronage; V. vi. 40.

COUNTERPOISED, equaled, counterbalanced; II. ii. 93.

COUNTRY (trisyllabic); I. ix. 17.

COURAGE, plain speaking; (Collier MS. and Singer MS. "*carriage*"); III. iii. 92.

CRACK, boy (slightly contemptuous); I. iii. 78.

CRACKING, breaking; I. i. 78.

CRAFTED FAIR, made nice work of it; IV. vi. 118.

CRANKS, winding passages; I. i. 147.

CRY, pack; III. iii. 120.

—, proclaim; III. i. 275.

CUDGEL, thick stick; IV. v. 157.

CUNNING, knowledge; IV. i. 9.

CUPBOARDING, hoarding; I. i. 109.

CURDED, congealed; (Ff., "*curded*"; Rowe, "*curdled*"); V. iii. 66.

CYPRESS GROVE, grove of cypress trees; (Ff., "*Cyprus grove*"); I. x. 30.

DANCES, causes to dance; IV. v. 123.

DAWS, jackdaws; (daws were considered as emblems of chattering and foolish persons); IV. v. 49.

DERILE, weak; I. ix. 48.

DECLINES, falls; II. i. 186.

DEED-ACHIEVING HONOR, honor gained by achievement; II. i. 198.

Glossary

DELIVER, narrate, tell your tale; I. i. 104.
 —, show; V. vi. 141.
DELIVER'D, reported; IV. vi. 63.
DEMAND, ask; III. iii. 43.
DEMERITS, merits; I. i. 282.
DESERVED, deserving; III. i. 292.
DESIGNMENTS, designs; V. vi. 35.
DESPITE, spite; III. iii. 139.
DETERMINE, terminate, end; III. iii. 43.
DETERMINED OF, decided, concerning; II. ii. 43.
DEUCALION, the Greek Noah; II. i. 106.
DEVOUR, destroy; I. i. 268.
DIETED, fed up; I. ix. 52.
DIFFERENCY, difference, (so F. 1; F. 2, "*difference*"); V. iv. 12.
DIRECTITUDE, a coined word not understood; IV. v. 227, 228.
DISBENCH'D, drove from your seat; II. ii. 77.
DISCHARGE, perform; (technical term for playing a part upon the stage); III. ii. 106.
DISCIPLINED, thrashed; II. i. 146.
DISEASE, disturb, spoil; I. iii. 121.
DISGRACE, humiliation; I. i. 103.
DISHONOR'D, dishonorable; III. i. 60.
DISPOSITION, five syllables; I. vi. 74.
DISPROPORTIED, taken away; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*disproportioned*"); II. i. 273.
DISSENTIOUS, seditious, rebellious; I. i. 174.
DISTINCTLY RANGES, stands upright; III. i. 206.
DOIT, the smallest piece of money, worth half a farthing; a common metaphor for a trifle; I. v. 7.
DONT, dotard; V. ii. 47.

THE TRAGEDY OF

DOUBLETS, the inner garments of a man; I. v. 7.
DOUBT, fear; III. i. 152.
DRACHMA, an ancient Greek coin; (Ff. 1, 2, "*Drachme*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*Drachm*"; Staunton, "*dram*"); I. v. 6.
DROP, shed; I. v. 19.
EACH WAY, in every way; III. i. 49.
EARS; "by the e.," quarreling; I. i. 243.
EDGE, sword; I. iv. 29.
EFFECTED, achieved; I. ix. 18.
EMBARQUEMENTS, probably embargo, restrain, hinderance; (Rowe, "*Embarkments*"; Hammer, "*Embankments*"; Warburton, "*Embarrments*," etc.); I. x. 22.
EMBRACEMENTS, embraces; I. iii. 5.
EMPIRICUTIC, quackish, (probably a coined word); (Ff. 1, 2, "*Emperickutique*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*Empericktique*"; Pope, "*Empiric*"; Collier MS. "*Empiric physio*"); II. i. 134.
EMULATION, envious contention; I. i. 224.
END; "for an e.," to bring matters to a crisis; (according to some = to cut the matter short); II. i. 269.
END ALL HIS, make all his own at last; ("end," a provincial term for getting in a harvest); V. vi. 37.
ENDURE, remain; I. vi. 58.
ENEMY, (used adjectively; F. 4, "*enemy's*"); IV. iv. 24.
ENFORCE, urge, lay stress upon; II. iii. 233.
ENTER'D IN, acquainted with; I. ii. 2.

- ENTERTAINMENT**, engaged for service; IV. iii. 51.
 —, reception; IV. v. 10.
- ENVIED AGAINST**, shown malice, ill-will toward; (Becket conj. "*inveigh'd*"); III. iii. 95.
- ENVY**, hatred, malice; III. iii. 3.
- ENVY YOU**, show hatred against you; (Keightley, "*envy to you*"); III. iii. 57.
- ESTIMATE**, worth; III. iii. 114.
- EVEN**, equably; IV. vii. 37.
- EVER, EVER**, always the same; II. i. 217.
- EXPOSTURE**, exposure; IV. i. 36.
- EXTOL**, praise, laud; I. ix. 14.
- EXTREMITIES**, urgent necessity; III. ii. 41.
- FACTIONARY**, taking part in a quarrel; V. ii. 30.
- FACTIONS**, parties, sides in a quarrel; I. i. 203.
- FAIL IN**, fail in granting; V. iii. 90.
- FAIR**, kind, conciliatory; III. iii. 91.
- FAIRNESS**, best; I. ix. 73.
- FALSELY**, treacherously; III. i. 60.
- FAME AND ENVY**, detested or odious fame; I. viii. 4.
- FANE**, temple; I. x. 20.
- FATIGATE**, fatigued, wearied; II. ii. 123.
- FAVOR**, countenance, look; IV. iii. 9.
- FEAR**, fear for; I. vii. 5.
- FEEBLING**, weakening; I. i. 205.
- FELL**, cruel; I. iii. 51.
- FELLEST**, cruellest, fiercest; IV. iv. 18.
- FIDIUSED**, beaten; "jocularly formed from the name of Aufidius" (Ff., "*addious'd*"); II. i. 151.
- FIELD**, in the field; I. iv. 12.
- FILLIP**, strike, beat; V. iii. 59.
- FIRE** (dissyllabic); I. i. 201.
- FIRE OF HEAVEN**, stars; I. iv. 39.
- FIRST**, first-born; (Heath conj. "*fierce*"; Keightley, "*fairest*"; Cartwright conj. "*dear'st*"); IV. i. 33.
- FIT O' THE TIME**, present distemperature; III. ii. 33.
- FIT YOU**, fit yourself; II. ii. 148.
- FLAMENS**, priests; II. i. 238.
- FLAW**, gust; V. iii. 74.
- FLOUTED**, mocked; II. iii. 173.
- FOR OFF**, trick, cheat; I. i. 103.
- FOIL'D**, defeated; I. ix. 48.
- FOLD-IN**, enclose; III. iii. 68.
- FOND**, foolish; IV. i. 26.
- FOOL**, play the fool; II. iii. 134.
- FOR**, as for; I. i. 74.
- , against; II. ii. 94.
- FORCE**, urge; III. ii. 51.
- FORE-ADVISED**, advised, admonished beforehand; II. iii. 205.
- 'FORE ME**, an oath; probably used instead of "*'fore God*"; I. i. 130.
- FORGOT**, forgotten; IV. iii. 3.
- FORSWORN TO GRANT**, sworn not to grant; V. iii. 80.
- FORTH**, forth from, out of; I. iv. 23.
- , gone; IV. i. 49.
- FOR THAT**, because; I. i. 123.
- FOSSET-SELLER**, seller of fossets or taps; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, "*Forset*"; F. 4, "*Fauset*"); II. i. 82.
- FOUR**, (?) used of an indefinite number; I. vi. 84.
- FOXSHIP**, ingratitude and cunning; IV. ii. 18.
- FRAGMENTS**, a term of contempt; I. i. 232.
- FRAME**, fashion; III. ii. 84.
- FREE**, liberal; III. ii. 88.
- FREE CONTEMPT**, unconcealed contempt; II. iii. 214.

FREELIER, more freely; I. iii. 3.
FROM THE CANON, against established rule; (Mason takes the words to mean "according to rule; alluding to the absolute veto of the tribunes"); III. i. 90.

FRONT, confront; V. ii. 44.

FULL QUIT OF, fully revenged upon; IV. v. 90.

FULL THIRD PART, by a full third; V. vi. 78.

FURTHER, further business; II. iii. 187.

GALL'D, hurt, wounded; II. iii. 209.

GAN, began; II. ii. 121.

GANGRENED, mortified, diseased; III. i. 307.

GARLAND, crown, glory; I. i. 194.
 —, *i. e.* the oaken garland, the prize of victory; II. ii. 107.

GAVE HIM WAY, gave way to him; V. vi. 32.

GAVE ME, made me suspect; IV. v. 158.

GENERAL LOUPE, stupid bumpkins; III. ii. 64.

GENEROSITY; "to break the heart of *g.*" *i. e.* "to give the final blow to the nobles" (Johnson); I. i. 221.

GENTRY, gentle birth; III. i. 143.

GIBER, scoffer; II. i. 95.

GIDDY, thoughtless; I. i. 278.

GIRD, taunt, jeer at; I. i. 266.

GIVE, represent; I. ix. 55.

GIVE ME EXCUSE, excuse me, pardon me; I. iii. 118.

GIVE ME WAY, yields to me; IV. iv. 25.

GIVEN, given the power; III. i. 93.

GODDED, idolized; V. iii. 11.

GOD-DEN, good even (F. 4, "*good-e'en*"); II. i. 108.

GONE, ago; I. ii. 6.

GOOD, rich, with play upon literal sense of the word; I. i. 16.

—, good quality; I. ix. 32.

—, (used ironically); IV. vi. 70.

GOOD CONDITION, used in double sense; (1) good terms of treaty; (2) good character; I. x. 6.

GOOD REPORT, reputation; I. ix. 54.

GOT ON, won from; III. iii. 4.

GRACE, show honor to; V. iii. 15.

GRACIOUS, lovely and loveable; II. i. 200.

GRAINED ASH, rough, tough ashen spear; IV. v. 115.

GRATIFY, requite; II. ii. 46.

GREATER PART, majority; II. iii. 43.

GRIEF-SHOT, sorrow-stricken; V. i. 44.

GROAT, coin of the value of fourpence; III. ii. 10.

GUARD; "upon my brother's *g.*" under the protection of my brother; I. x. 25.

GUESS, think, imagine; I. i. 19.

GULF, whirlpool; I. i. 107.

HAD CARRIED, might have carried (or had in effect carried); V. vi. 43.

HAD PURPOSE, intended; IV. v. 126.

HALE, haul; V. iv. 42.

HANDKERCHERS, handkerchiefs; II. i. 289.

HANG BY THE WALL, be useless; I. iii. 13.

HAP, happen, chance; III. iii. 24.

HARDLY, with difficulty; V. ii. 79.

HAS, he has; (F. 3, "*Ha's*"; F. 4, "*H'as*"); III. i. 161.

HAVE, he who has it, possessor; II. ii. 91.

HAVE STRUCK, have been striking; I. vi. 4.

HAVE THEM INTO, get themselves into; II. ii. 32.

HAVE WITH YOU, I am with you, come on; II. i. 295.

HAVOC, merciless destruction; III. i. 275.

HEAD; "made new head," raised a fresh army; III. i. 1.

HEAR HITHER, hear the sound here; I. iii. 35.

HEART, sense; II. iii. 218.

HELMs, those at the helm, i. e. the leaders; I. i. 85.

—, helmets; IV. v. 132.

HELPS, remedies; III. i. 221.

HERE, "at this point, suiting the action to the word" (Wright); III. ii. 74.

HERETO, hitherto; II. ii. 66.

HIE, hasten; I. ii. 26.

HIM, i. e. this one; I. vi. 36.

HINT, occasion, that which gives matter and motive; III. iii. 23.

HOB AND DICK, familiar names of clowns; *Hob* diminutive of Robert; (*cp.* colloquial use "Tom, Dick, and Harry"); II. iii. 129.

HOLD, bear; III. ii. 80.

HOLLOA, cry hollo! after me, pursue; (Ff., "*hollow*"); I. viii. 7.

HOLP, helped; III. i. 277.

HOME, to the utmost; I. iv. 38.

—, thoroughly; "speak him h," adequately praise him; II. ii. 109.

HONOR'D, honorable; III. i. 72.

HOO, an exclamation of joy; II. i. 122.

HOOP'D, i. e. whooped, hollowed, hooted; IV. v. 85.

HORSE-DRENCH, physic for a horse; II. i. 136.

HOSPITABLE CANON, sacred law of hospitality; I. x. 26.

HOURS, time; (Rowe (ed. 2), "*honors*"); I. v. 5.

HOUSEKEEPERS, keepers, stayers at home; I. iii. 58.

HUM, to make a sound expressive of contempt or anger; (Qq., "*hem*"); V. i. 49.

HUMOROUS, full of whims and humors; II. i. 52.

HUNGRY, sterile; V. iii. 58.

HUSBANDRY, management; IV. vii. 22.

HUSWIFE, housewife; I. iii. 80.

HYDRA, the fabulous serpent with many heads killed by Hercules; III. i. 93.

IMPEDIMENT; "your i," "the obstacles opposed by you"; I. i. 80.

IMPERFECT, faulty (as a magistrate); II. i. 55.

IN, of; II. ii. 16.

—, into; II. iii. 270; III. ii. 91.

—, by; III. i. 210.

—, on; III. iii. 102.

INCORPORATE, forming one body; I. i. 140.

INFIRMITY, weakness; "of their i," subject to the same faults and failings as they; III. i. 82.

INFORMATION, the source of information, informant; IV. vi. 53.

INGRATE, ungrateful; V. ii. 94.

INGRATEFUL, ungrateful; II. ii. 37.

INHERITANCE, possessor; III. ii. 68.

INHERITED, realized, enjoyed; II. i. 224.

INJURIOUS, insulting; III. iii. 69.

INJURY, sense of wrong; V. i. 64.

INNOVATOR, one who changes things for the worse; III. i. 175.

INTERIMS, intervals; I. vi. 5.

INTERJOIN, cause to intermarry; IV. iv. 22.

ISSUES, children; IV. iv. 22.

IT IS, he is; (used contemptuously); IV. v. 48.

JACK GUARDANT, a Jack on guard; V. ii. 67.

JEALOUS QUEEN OF HEAVEN, i. e. Juno, the guardian of conjugal fidelity; V. iii. 46.

JUDICIOUS, judicial; V. vi. 127.

JUMP, risk, hazard; (Pope, "*vamp*"; Singer (ed. 2), "*imp*"); III. i. 154.

KICK'D AT, scorned, spurned; II. ii. 130.

KNEE, go on your knees; V. i. 6.

LACK'D, had lost; III. ii. 23.

LAMENTATION; "to all our l," to the sorrow of us all; IV. vi. 34.

LARUM, alarum, the call to arms; I. iv. 9.

LATE, lately; III. i. 196.

LAY, lodged; I. ix. 82.

LEADS, leaden roofs of the houses; IV. vi. 82.

LEASH, the string or chain by which a greyhound is held; I. vi. 38.

LEASING, falsehood; V. ii. 22.

LEAVE, leave off; I. iii. 99.

LEAVES, leave; IV. v. 140.

LENITY, mildness, want of severity; III. i. 99.

LESSER, less; (Ff. 1, 2, "*lessen*"; Rowe, "*Less for*"); I. vi. 70.

LESSON'D, taught by us; II. iii. 191.

LET GO, let it go, let it pass; III. ii. 18.

LETS, he lets; II. ii. 17.

LIES, lodges, dwells; IV. iv. 8.

LIES YOU ON, is incumbent upon you; III. ii. 52.

LIEVE, lief, gladly; (Ff. 2, 3, "*live*"; F. 1, "*live*"; Capell, "*lief*"); IV. v. 188.

LIKE, equal; I. i. 110.

—, likely; I. iii. 16.

LIKING, good opinion, favor; I. i. 205.

LIMITATION, required time; II. iii. 152.

LIST, listen, hear; I. iv. 20.

—, pleasest; III. ii. 128.

LOCKRAM, coarse linen; II. i. 234.

LONG OF YOU, owing to you; V. iv. 32.

'LONGS, belongs; V. iii. 170.

LOOKS, seems likely, promises; (Hammer, "*works*"); III. iii. 29.

LOSE, waste, by preaching to them in vain; II. iii. 67.

LOTS TO BLANKS = all the world to nothing; (lots = prizes in the lottery; the reference is to the value of the lots, not to the number); V. ii. 10.

LOVER, loving friend; V. ii. 14.

LURCH'D, robbed; II. ii. 107.

MADE DOUBT, doubted; I. ii. 18.

MADE FAIR HANDS, made good work; IV. vi. 117.

MADE HEAD, raised an army; II. ii. 92.

MAIMS OF SHAME, shameful, disgraceful injuries; IV. v. 93.

- MAKE A LIP**, curl up my lip in contempt; II. i. 133.
- MAKE GOOD**, hold, defend; I. v. 13.
- MALICE**, hatred; II. i. 253.
- MALKIN**, kitchen-wench; probably contraction of Matilda; II. i. 233.
- MAMMOCKED**, tore in pieces; I. iii. 75.
- MAN-ENTERED**, initiated into manhood; II. ii. 105.
- MANIFEST**, notorious; I. iii. 57.
- MANKIND**, (i.) masculine; (ii.) a human being; IV. ii. 16.
- MANY**, multitude; (F. 1, "*meynis*"; Ff. 2, 3, "*meyny*"); III. i. 66.
- MARK**, power; II. ii. 95.
- MATCH**, bargain; II. iii. 90.
- MEASLES**, scurvy wretches; III. i. 78.
- MEED**, reward; II. ii. 103.
- MEMORY**, memorial; IV. v. 78.
- MERCY**; "at m.," at the mercy of the conquered; I. x. 7.
- MERELY**, absolutely; III. i. 305.
- MET**, are met; (Hammer, "*meet*"; Capell, "*are met*"; Anon. conj. "*we've met*"); II. ii. 53.
- MICROCOSM**, little world; II. i. 71.
- MINDED**, reminded; V. i. 18.
- MINNOWS**, small fry; III. i. 89.
- MIRTH**; "our better m.," "our mirth, which would be greater without her company," (Schmidt); I. iii. 191.
- MISERY**, wretchedness, poverty; II. ii. 133.
- MOCK'D**, scoffed at; II. iii. 172.
- MODEST**, moderate; III. i. 275.
- MOE**, more; II. iii. 138.
- MONSTER'D**, exaggerated; II. ii. 83.
- MORE**, greater; III. ii. 124.
- MORTAL**, fatal; II. ii. 117.
- , mortally; V. iii. 189.
- MOTION**, motive; II. i. 57.
- , "your loving m. towards," "your kind interposition with" (Johnson); II. ii. 59.
- MOUNTEBANK THEIR LOVES**, play the mountebank to win their love; III. ii. 132.
- MOVERS**, loafers in search of plunder; I. v. 5.
- MULL'D**, flat, insipid; IV. v. 245.
- MULTITUDINOUS TONGUE**, the tongues of the multitude; III. i. 156.
- MUMMERS**, maskers, masqueraders; II. i. 87.
- MUNIMENTS**, supplies of war; I. i. 128.
- MURRAIN**; "a m. on't," a plague upon it; (an oath); I. v. 3.
- MUSE**, wonder; III. ii. 7.
- MUTINERS**, mutineers; I. i. 260.
- MY HORSE TO YOURS**, I'll wager my horse to yours; I. iv. 2.
- NAME**, credit; II. i. 156.
- NAPLESS**, threadbare; II. i. 259.
- NATIVE**, origin, source; (Johnson and Heath conj. "*motive*"); III. i. 129.
- NATURE**, natural disposition; IV. vii. 41.
- NAVEL**, center; III. i. 123.
- NEEDER**, the man needing the advantage; IV. i. 44.
- NERVES**, sinews; I. i. 148.
- NERVY**, sinewy; II. i. 185.
- NEVER-NEEDED**; "so n.n.," i. e. never so needed; V. i. 34.
- NICELY-GAWDED**, daintily bedecked; (Lettsom conj. "*nice-ly-guarded*"); II. i. 242.
- NOBLE**, nobles; III. i. 29.
- NOBLE TOUCH**, tested nobility; IV. i. 49.

- NOISE AND HORN, noisy horn; III. i. 95.
- NOSE, to scent; V. i. 28.
- NOT, not only; (Hanmer, "*not only*"); III. iii. 97.
- NOTE, notice; I. ix. 49.
- NOTHING, not at all; I. iii. 114.
- NOTION, understanding; V. vi. 107.
- NOW, just; I. ix. 79.
- OBJECT, sight; I. i. 21.
- OCCUPATION; "the voice of o.," i. e. "the votes of the working men"; IV. vi. 97.
- O'ER-BEAT, overwhelm; (Ff., "*o're-beat*"; Rowe, "*o'er-bear*"; Becket conj. "*o'er-bear't*"); IV. v. 138.
- O'ER-PEER, rise above; II. iii. 134.
- OF, from; II. iii. 251.
- , concerning; I. i. 279.
- , by; I. ii. 13.
- OFFER'D, attempted; V. i. 23.
- about, of the value of; IV. iv. 17.
- OFFICIAL MARKS, tokens of office; II. iii. 154.
- ON, of; (Ff. 1, 2, "*one*"); I. ii. 4.
- ONCE, once for all; II. iii. 1.
- , once when; II. iii. 17.
- ONE DANGER, (?) "constant source of danger"; (Theobald, "*our*"); III. i. 288.
- ONLY, sole; I. ix. 36.
- ON'S, of his; I. iii. 76.
- ON'T, of it; III. i. 152.
- OPE, open; I. iv. 43.
- OPINION, public opinion; I. i. 281.
- OPPOSER, opponent; IV. iii. 38.
- OPPOSITE, opponent; II. ii. 24.
- ORANGE-WIFE, woman who sells oranges; II. i. 82.
- ORDINANCE, rank; III. ii. 12.
- OSPREY, the fishing hawk or eagle, supposed to have the power of fascinating fish; (Ff., "*Aspray*"); IV. vii. 34.
- OUR, from us; (Hanmer, "*their*"; Ingleby conj. "*for*"; Lettsom conj. "*a*"; Kinnear, "*as*"); III. i. 121.
- OUT, thoroughly, out and out; IV. v. 128.
- OUTDARES, exceeds in bravery; I. iv. 53.
- OUT O' DOOR, out of doors; (F. 1, "*out a doore*"); I. iii. 124.
- OUT OF, "out of daily fortune," i. e. "in consequence of uninterrupted success"; IV. vii. 38.
- OVERTAKEN, come up with, equaled; I. ix. 19.
- OWE, OWN; III. ii. 130.
- OWE YOU, exposed you to; V. vi. 139.
- PALATES; "the greatest taste most p. theirs," the predominant taste savors most of theirs; (Johnson, "*must palate*"); III. i. 104.
- PALTERING, equivocation, trifling; III. i. 58.
- PARCEL, part; IV. v. 236.
- PARCELS, portions; I. ii. 32.
- PART, side; I. x. 7.
- PARTED, departed; V. vi. 73.
- PARTICIPATE = participating; I. i. 112.
- PARTICULAR, personal; IV. v. 93.
- , private interest; IV. vii. 13.
- , personal relation; V. i. 3.
- PARTICULARIZE, specify, emphasize; I. i. 22.
- PARTICULARS; "by p.," one by one; II. iii. 51.
- PARTY, side, part; I. i. 244.
- PASS, pass by, neglect; II. ii. 145.

PAST DOUBT, without doubt; II. iii. 271.
 PATIENCE; "by your p.," by your leave; I. iii. 85.
 PAWN'D, pledged; V. vi. 21.
 PENELOPE, the wife of Ulysses; I. ii. 92.
 PENT, the sentence of being pent; III. iii. 89.
 PERCEIVE'S, perceive his; II. ii. 162.
 PEREMPTORY, firmly resolved; III. i. 286.
 PESTERING, thronging; IV. vi. 7.
 PHYSICAL, salutary; I. v. 19.
 PICK, pitch; I. i. 210.
 PIECE, piece of money, coin; III. iii. 32.
 —, add to; II. iii. 226.
 PIERCING, sharp, severe; (?) mortifying; I. i. 92.
 PIKES, (i.) lances, spears, (ii.) pitchforks; (used with play on both senses); I. i. 24.
 PLACE; "his p.," i. e. the consulship; II. i. 172.
 PLEASE IT, if it please; V. vi. 140.
 PLEBEI, plebeians; (Rowe, "*plebeians*"); II. iii. 198.
 PLOT; "single p.," my own person, body; III. ii. 102.
 POINTS, commands (as if given by a trumpet); IV. vi. 125.
 POISON, destroy; V. ii. 94.
 POLL, number, counted by heads; (Ff., "*pole*"); III. i. 134.
 POLLED, bared, cleared; (originally *cut the hair*); IV. v. 220.
 POOREST, smallest; III. iii. 32.
 PORTANCE, bearing, demeanor; II. iii. 238.
 PORTS, gates; I. vii. 1.
 POSSESSED, informed; II. i. 153.
 POST, messenger; V. vi. 50.

POT; "to the p.," to certain death; I. iv. 47.
 POTCH, poke; I. x. 15.
 POTHER, uproar; II. i. 243.
 POUND UP, shut up as in a pound; I. iv. 17.
 POWER, army, armed force; I. ii. 9.
 POW, wow, pooh, pooh; II. i. 164.
 PRACTICE, stratagem; IV. i. 33.
 PRANK THEM, deck themselves; (used contemptuously); III. i. 23.
 PRECIPITATION, precipitousness; III. ii. 4.
 PREPARATION, force ready for action; I. ii. 15.
 PRESENT, present time, opportunity; I. vi. 60.
 —, immediate, instant; III. i. 212.
 PRESENTLY, immediately, at once; IV. v. 234.
 PRESS'D, impressed, forced into service; I. ii. 9.
 PRETENSES, intentions; I. ii. 20.
 PROGENY, race; I. viii. 12.
 PRONOUNCE, pronounce the sentence; III. iii. 88.
 PROOF; "more p.," more capable of resistance; I. iv. 25.
 PROPER, own; I. ix. 57.
 PROPERLY, as my own personal matter; V. ii. 92.
 PROUD; "p. to be" = proud of being; I. i. 269.
 PROVAND, provender; (Pope, "*provender*"); II. i. 276.
 PROVE, put to the proof; I. vi. 62.
 PULING, whining, whimpering; IV. ii. 52.
 PUPIL AGE, pupilage, minority; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*Pupil-age*"); II. ii. 104.
 PURPOSE; "our p. to them," of

- announcing our intention to them (i. e., the people); II. ii. 158.
- PUT IN HAZARD, risked; II. iii. 270.
- PUT UPON, incited, urged; II. i. 281.
- PUT YOU TO'T, put you to the test; I. i. 239.
- PUT YOU TO YOUR FORTUNE, reduce you to the necessity of making the chances of war; III. ii. 60.
- PUTTING ON, instigation; II. iii. 266.
- QUAKED, made to shudder; I. ix. 6.
- QUARRY, technically, game alive or dead; here, a heap of dead; (a hunting term); I. i. 208.
- QUARTER'D, slaughtered; I. i. 209.
- QUIRED, sang in harmony; III. ii. 113.
- RACK'D, strained to the utmost; V. i. 16.
- RAKES, (i.) instruments for raking, (ii.) good for nothing men; (used with play on both senses of the word); I. i. 25.
- RAPT, enraptured; IV. v. 123.
- RAPTURE, fit; II. i. 232.
- RASCAL, originally, a lean and worthless deer; with play on both meanings of the word; I. i. 169.
- REASON—"there is reason for it"; IV. v. 254.
- , argue for; V. iii. 176.
- , converse; I. ix. 58.
- REASONS, arguments; V. vi. 59.
- RECEIPT; "his r.," that which he received; I. i. 192.
- RECEIVE TO HEART, take to heart; IV. iii. 23.
- RECKLESS, thoughtless; III. i. 92.
- RECOMMEND, commit the task; II. ii. 157.
- RECTORSHIP, guidance; II. iii. 219.
- REECHY, dirty; (literally *smoky*); II. i. 234.
- REEK, vapor; III. iii. 121.
- REJOURN, adjourn; II. i. 83.
- REMAINS, it remains; II. iii. 153.
- REMOVE, "for the r.," to raise the siege; I. ii. 28.
- RENDER, render up, give; I. ix. 34.
- REPEAL, recall from banishment; IV. vii. 32.
- REPETITION, utterance, mention; I. i. 49.
- REPORT, reputation; II. i. 136.
- , "give him good r.," speak well of him; I. i. 35.
- REQUEST, asking the votes of the people; II. iii. 156.
- REQUIRE, ask; II. ii. 162.
- REST, stay; IV. i. 39.
- RESTITUTION; "to hopeless r.," so that there were no hope of restitution; III. i. 16.
- RETIRE, retreat; I. vi. (direc.).
- RHEUM, tears; V. vi. 46.
- RIDGES HORSED, ridges of house-roofs with people sitting astride of them; II. i. 236.
- RIPE APTNESS, perfect readiness; IV. iii. 25.
- ROAD, inroad; III. i. 5.
- ROME GATES, the gates of Rome; IV. v. 218.
- ROTED, learned by rote; III. ii. 55.
- RUB, impediment; a term taken from the game of bowls; III. i. 60.
- RUTH, pity; I. i. 207.

- SAFE-GUARD**; "on s.," under protection of a guard; III. i. 9.
- SAT**, if there sat; III. iii. 70.
- SAVE YOU**, i. e. God save you, (a common form of salutation); IV. iv. 6.
- SAY**, say on, speak; III. iii. 41.
- SCARS**, a term of extreme contempt; here used quibblingly; I. i. 176.
- SCALING**, weighing, comparing; II. iii. 262.
- SCANDAL'D**, defamed; III. i. 44.
- SCARR'D**, wounded; IV. v. 116.
- SCORN HIM**, disdain to allow him; III. i. 268.
- SCOTCHED**, cut, hacked; IV. v. 201.
- 'SDEATH**, a contraction of *God's death*, a favorite oath of Queen Elizabeth; I. i. 227.
- SEASON'D**, "established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use" (Johnson); "well-ripened or matured and rendered palatable to the people by time" (Wright); "qualified, tempered" (Schmidt); III. iii. 64.
- SEEKING**, request, demand; I. i. 198.
- SELD-SHOWN**, seldom seen; II. i. 238.
- SELF**; "Tarquin's self," Tarquin himself; II. ii. 100.
- SENNET**, a particular set of notes played on the cornet or trumpet; II. i. 186-187.
- SENSIBLE**, sensitive; I. iii. 98.
- SENSIBLY**, endowed with feeling; sensibility; I. iv. 53.
- SERVANTED TO**, subject to; V. ii. 91.
- SET DOWN BEFORE 's**, besiege us; I. ii. 28.
- SET ON**, incited, instigated; (? go on!); III. i. 58.
- SET UP THE BLOODY-FLAG**, i. e. declare war; (a red flag was the signal for battle); II. i. 87.
- SEVERAL**, separate; IV. v. 129.
- SEWING**, embroidering; I. iii. 58.
- SHALL**, shall go; III. i. 31.
- SHALL's**, shall we go; IV. vi. 148.
- SHAME**, be ashamed; II. ii. 73.
- SHENT**, reprov'd, rated; V. ii. 106.
- SHOP**, workshop; I. i. 143.
- SHOULD**, would; II. iii. 27.
- SHOW'D**, would appear; IV. vi. 114.
- SHOW'ST**, appearest; IV. v. 69.
- SHRUG**, shrug the shoulders as not believing the story; I. ix. 4.
- SHUNLESS**, not to be shunned or avoided; II. ii. 118.
- SIDE**, take sides with; I. i. 203.
- SILENCE**, silent one; II. i. 200.
- SINCE THAT**, since; III. ii. 50.
- SINGLE**, insignificant, simple (used quibblingly); II. i. 40.
- SINGLY**, by a single person; II. ii. 93.
- SINGULARITY**; "more than his s." i. e. independently of his own peculiar disposition; I. i. 288.
- SITHENCE**, since; III. i. 47.
- SITS DOWN**, begins the siege; IV. vii. 28.
- SLIGHT**, insignificant; V. ii. 112.
- SLIGHTNESS**, trifling; III. i. 148.
- SLIP**; "let s.," let loose; (a hunting term); I. vi. 39.
- SMALL**, clear and high; III. ii. 114.
- SMOTE**, struck at; III. i. 319.
- SOFT**, gentle; III. ii. 82.
- SOLDIER** (trisyllabic); I. i. 126

SOLEMNNESS, gravity; I. iii. 124.
 So MADE ON, made so much of;
 IV. v. 206.
 So MANY SO, as many as are so;
 I. vi. 73.
 SOME CERTAIN, some; II. iii. 62.
 SOMETHING, somewhat; II. i.
 55.
 SOMETIME, at one time, formerly;
 IM. i. 115.
 SOOTH'D, flattered; II. ii. 79.
 SOOTHING, flattery; I. ix. 44.
 —, flattering; III. i. 69.
 SORT, manner; I. iii. 2.
 SOUTH; "all the contagion of the
 s. light on you," the south was
 regarded as the quarter from
 which diseases and noxious va-
 pors came"; I. iv. 30.
 SOWL, pull by the ears; IV. v.
 218.
 SPEAK, proclaim themselves; III.
 ii. 41.
 SPEED, turn out; V. i. 61.
 SPICES, samples; IV. vii. 46.
 SPIRIT (monosyllabic); II. i. 185.
 SPOT, figure, pattern; I. iii. 59.
 SPRITELY, lively; IV. v. 243.
 STAIN, eclipse; I. x. 18.
 STALE'T, make it stale; (Ff.,
 "scale't"); I. i. 101.
 STAMP'D, given the impress of
 truth to; V. ii. 22.
 STAND, stop; V. vi. 128.
 STAND TO, uphold; III. i. 208.
 —, stand by; V. iii. 199.
 STAND UPON, insist upon; I. ix.
 39.
 STAND WITH, be consistent with;
 II. iii. 95.
 STATE, government; IV. iii. 11.
 STAY UPON, wait but for; V. iv.
 8.
 STEEP TARPEIAN DEATH, death by
 being hurled from the high
 Tarpeian rock; III. iii. 88.

STEM, the forepart of a ship; II.
 ii. 113.
 STICKS ON, is fixed on like an
 ornament; I. i. 281.
 STIFF, obstinate (perhaps = un-
 able to move); I. i. 251.
 STILL, always, constantly; II. i.
 271.
 STITCHERY, stitching, needlework;
 I. iii. 79.
 STOOD, stood up in defense of;
 IV. vi. 45.
 STOOD TO'T, made a stand, stood
 firm; IV. vi. 10.
 STORE; "good store," good quan-
 tity; I. ix. 32.
 STOUT, proud; III. ii. 78.
 STOUTNESS, pride; III. ii. 127.
 STRAIGHT, straightway, imme-
 diately; II. ii. 122.
 STRETCH IT OUT, extending its
 power to the utmost; II. ii. 57.
 STRIDE, bestride; I. ix. 71.
 STRUCKEN, struck; IV. v. 157.
 STUCK, hesitated; II. iii. 18.
 SUBDUES, subjects him to punish-
 ment; I. i. 185.
 SUTLE, smooth and deceptive;
 V. ii. 20.
 SUDDEN, hasty; II. iii. 265.
 SUFFERANCE, suffering; I. i. 23.
 —, endurance; "against all no-
 ble s.," beyond the endurance
 of the nobility; III. i. 24.
 SUGGEST, prompt; II. i. 270.
 SUMMON THE TOWN, i. e. to sur-
 render; I. iv. 7.
 SURCEASE, cease; III. ii. 121.
 Surer; "no s.," no more to be
 depended upon; I. i. 182.
 SURETY, be sureties for; III. i.
 178.
 SWAY, bear sway; II. i. 229.
 SWIFTER COMPOSITION, making
 terms more quickly; III. i. 3.
 SWORN BROTHER, people who had

- taken an oath to share each other's fortunes were called *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers; II. iii. 107.
- TA'EN FORTH**, chosen, selected; I. ix. 34.
- TA'EN**, NOTE, noticed; IV. ii. 10.
- TAG**, rabble; III. i. 248.
- TAINTS**, infects; IV. vii. 38.
- TAKE IN**, subdue, capture; I. ii. 24.
- TAKE UP**, cope with; III. i. 244.
- TAKEN WELL**, interviewed at a favorable time; V. i. 50.
- TAME**, ineffectual; IV. vi. 2.
- TARGET**, a small shield; IV. v. 127.
- TAUNTINGLY**, mockingly, disparagingly; (Ff. 1, "*taintingly*"; F. 2, 3, "*tantingly*"); I. i. 120.
- TEMPERANCE**, moderation, self-restraint; III. iii. 28.
- TENT**, probe; I. ix. 31.
—, probe (verb); III. i. 236.
—, tent, encamp; III. ii. 116.
- TETTER**, infect with tetter, i. e. eruption on the skin; III. i. 79.
- THAN THOSE**, than she is to those; I. v. 25.
- THAT'S**, that has; II. ii. 85.
- THAT'S OFF**, that is nothing to the purpose; II. ii. 66.
- THOU WILT**, that thou wilt; IV. v. 92.
- THREAD**, file through singly; III. i. 124.
- TIBER**, figurative for water; II. i. 54.
- TIGER-FOOTED**, tiger-like, ("hastening to seize its prey"); III. i. 312.
- TIME**, immediate present, present time; II. i. 294.
- TIME**, "the t." i. e. the age in which one lives; IV. vii. 50.
- 'TIS RIGHT**, it is true, it is just as you say; II. i. 261.
- TO**, according to; I. iv. 57.
—, compared to; II. i. 135.
—, against; IV. v. 134.
—, "to his mother"—for his mother; V. iii. 178.
- TOLD**, foretold; I. i. 237.
- TOOK**, took effect, told; II. ii. 114.
- TO'S POWER**, to the utmost of his ability, as far as lay in his power; II. i. 271.
- TO'T**, upon it; IV. ii. 48.
- TOUCH'D**, tested, as metal is tested by the touchstone; II. iii. 295.
- TRADUCEMENT**, calumny; I. ix. 22.
- TRAITOR**, "their t.," a traitor to them; III. iii. 69.
- TRANSLATE**, transform; II. iii. 203.
- TRANSPORT**, bear, carry; II. i. 249.
- TREATY**, proposal tending to an agreement; II. ii. 61.
- TRICK**, trifle; IV. iv. 21.
- TRITON**, Neptune's trumpeter; III. i. 89.
- TROTH**, "o' my t.," on my word; (a slight oath); I. iii. 66.
—, faith; IV. ii. 49.
—, truth; IV. v. 200.
- TRUE PURCHASING**, honest earning; II. i. 162.
- TRUMPET**, trumpeter; I. v. 4, 5.
- TUNS**, large casks; IV. v. 106.
- TURN**, put; III. i. 284.
- TWIN**, are like twins; IV. iv. 15.
- UNACTIVE**, inactive; I. i. 108.
- UNBARE'D**, **SCONCE**, unarmed.
— bare, head; (*sconce*, used

- temptuously; Becket conj.
"imbarbed"; Nicholson conj.
"embarbed"; III. ii. 99.
- UNBORN; "all cause u." no cause
 existing; III. i. 129.
- UNDERCREST, wear as on a crest;
 I. ix. 72.
- UNDER FIENDS, fiends of hell; IV.
 v. 99.
- UNGRAVELY, without dignity; II.
 iii. 239.
- UNHEARTS, disheartens; V. i. 49.
- UNLIKE, unlikely; III. i. 48.
- UNMERITING, as undeserving; II.
 i. 48.
- UNPROPERLY, improperly; V. iii.
 54.
- UNSCANN'D, inconsiderate; III. i.
 313.
- UNSEPARABLE, inseparable; IV.
 iv. 16.
- UNSEVER'D, inseparable; III. ii.
 42.
- UPON, laid upon; III. ii. 141.
- , on account of, in conse-
 quence of; II. i. 253.
- , against; III. iii. 47.
- USED; "as 'twas used," as they
 used to do; III. i. 114.
- USHERS, forerunners; II. i. 182.
- VAIL, let fall, lower; III. i. 98.
- VANTAGE, advantage, benefit; I.
 i. 170.
- ; "v. of his anger," i. e. the
 favorable opportunity which
 his anger will afford; II. iii.
 274.
- VARIABLE, various, all kinds; II.
 i. 237.
- VAWARD, vanguard; I. vi. 53.
- VENT, get rid of; I. i. 235.
- ; "full of vent," keenly ex-
 cited, full of pluck and cour-
 age (a hunting term); IV. v.
 244.
- VERIFIED, supported the credit
 of (or, spoken the truth of);
 V. ii. 17.
- VEXATION, anger, mortification;
 III. iii. 140.
- VIAND, food; I. i. 109.
- VIRGINAL, maidenly; V. ii. 46.
- VIRGIN'D IT, been as a virgin; V.
 iii. 48.
- VIRTUE, valor, bravery; I. i. 43.
- VOICE, vote (verb); II. iii. 248.
- VOICES, votes; II. ii. 146.
- *VOIDED, avoided; (Ff., "*void-
 ed*"); IV. v. 89.
- VOUCHES, attestations; II. iii.
 130.
- VULGAR STATION, standing room
 among the crowd; II. i. 240.
- WAIL, bewail; IV. i. 26.
- WANT, am wanting in; I. iii. 94.
- WARM AT 'S HEART, i. e. he is
 gratified; II. iii. 166.
- WARRANT, measures; III. i. 276.
- WAR'S GARLAND, laurel wreath,
 the emblem of glory; I. ix. 60.
- WATCH'D, kept guard; II. iii. 140.
- WAVED, would waver; II. ii. 19.
- WAVING, bowing; III. ii. 77.
- WAXED, grew, throve; (F. 2,
"wated"; Ff. 3, 4, "*waited*");
 II. ii. 105.
- WEAL, good, welfare; I. i. 161.
- , commonwealth; II. iii. 195.
- WEALSMEN, statesmen; II. i. 61.
- WEEDS, garments; II. iii. 167.
- WELL-FOUND, fortunately met
 with; II. ii. 50.
- WHAT, why; III. i. 317.
- , exclamation of impatience;
 IV. i. 14.
- WHEEL, make a circuit; I. vi. 19.
- WHERE, whereas; I. i. 110.
- WHERE AGAINST, against which;
 IV. v. 114.
- WHICH, who; I. i. 197.

- WHITHER**, (monosyllabic); IV. i. 34.
- WHO**, he who; I. i. 186.
- , whom; II. i. 8.
- , which; III. ii. 119.
- WHOLESOME**, suitable, reasonable; II. iii. 69.
- WHOM**, which; I. i. 274.
- WILLS**; "as our good w.," according to our best efforts; II. i. 267.
- WIND**, advance indirectly, insinuate; III. iii. 65.
- WIN UPON**, gain advantage, get the better of; (Grant White conj. "*win open*"); I. i. 230.
- WITH**, by; III. iii. 7.
- WITHAL**, with; III. i. 141.
- WITH US**, as we shall take advantage of it; III. iii. 30.
- WIVES**, women; IV. iv. 5.
- WOOLEN**, coarsely clad; III. ii. 9.
- WOOLVISH TOGE**, "rough hirsute gown" (Johnson); v. Note; II. iii. 128.
- WORD**, pass-word, watch-word; III. ii. 142.
- WORN**, worn out; III. i. 6.
- WORSHIP**, dignity, authority; III. i. 141.
- WORST IN BLOOD**, in the worst condition; I. i. 169.
- WORTH**; "his w. of contraction," "his full quota or proportion of contradiction" (Malone); III. iii. 26.
- WORTHY**; "is w. of," is deserving of, deserves; III. i. 211.
- , justifiable; III. i. 241.
- WOT**, know; IV. v. 173.
- WREAK**, vengeance; IV. v. 92.
- WRENCH UP**, screw up, exert; I. viii. 11.
- YIELD**, grant; II. ii. 60.
- YOU MAY, YOU MAY**, go on, poke your fun at me; II. iii. 41.
- YOUNGELY**, young; II. iii. 250.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By EMMA D. SANFORD

GENERAL

1. What is the date of publication of this play? What is the approximate date of composition? Give a reason.
2. Criticize the play as to its acting merits, its uniformity, and historical accuracy of customs. What nation does it portray?
3. What was the undoubted source of the play and in scene i how does the plot vary from the original? What is the duration of the time of action on the stage and what the actual historical time?
4. What is the theme of the play? Is it an exposition of individualism or, a study of Roman civics?

ACT I

5. Why is the opening scene a strong one, dramatically? Where is the first clue to the character, Caius Marcius?
6. Comment on the bearing of Menenius and on that of Caius Marcius, towards the rabble. What fable does Menenius employ to justify the conduct of the senators to the plebeians, and how does he apply it?
7. In the comments (scene i) of the tribunes upon Marcius, how do they characterize him?
8. In scene ii, what idea is brought out as to the relations of Marcius and Tullus Aufidius?
9. In scene iii, what typical Roman characteristic is revealed in the discourse of Volumnia? How does Virgilia re in nobility of character?

10. How does Marcius address the retreating Roman soldiers? What does the break in his speech indicate?

11. What opinion has Marcius of the spoils of war, and wherein does it add to the reader's conception of his character?

12. What duel takes place in scene viii and what is the spirit of the two participants?

13. In scene ix, explain the line "Here is the steed, we the caparison."

14. How does Marcius accept the praise of the people upon his victory? What name does he acquire as a result of his conquest at Corioli?

15. Why do Sicinius and Brutus suffer Menenius to scoff at their weaknesses, when they cannot endure the ridicule of Coriolanus (scene i)? Where does Menenius draw a character-sketch of himself?

ACT II

16. Why does Volumnia gloat over her son's wounds? Describe Coriolanus' greeting to his wife.

17. Why do Sicinius and Brutus plot to defeat the consulship of Coriolanus, and how do they criticize his remarks concerning his suit for the office?

18. How does the conversation of the two Officers (scene ii) explain the unpopularity of Coriolanus among the plebian people?

19. In his public suit for the consulship, is Coriolanus possessed of modesty or, arrogance or, both? Give reasons. What is the result of his suit?

ACT III

20. What uproar of the common people occurs in scene i?

21. Upon what topic does Coriolanus continue to expostulate, against the advice of Menenius?

22. What is the substance of Coriolanus' exhortation to the Senators?

23. What influence has Menenius upon the crowd and how does he avert a civil war?

24. Who prevails upon Coriolanus to humble himself before the people and what is the policy recommended to him?

25. In his promise to curry favor of the people, what comparisons does Coriolanus make of his weakness?

26. What charges and what sentences does Brutus suggest (scene iii) against Coriolanus?

27. What is the significance of Brutus' words just before the trial, "Put him (Coriolanus) to choler straight"?

28. What accusation makes Coriolanus forget that he has promised to be mild in his speech? Is his anger justifiable?

29. What sentence is finally given to Coriolanus? What do his last words imply?

30. Explain the several allusions to the *Tarpeian* rock.

ACT IV

31. How does Coriolanus make use of his mother's own words to him, in his endeavor to reconcile her to his banishment?

32. How does scene i reveal the softer side of Coriolanus' nature?

33. In scene ii, what change has come over Volumnia?

34. What is the dramatic value of scene iii?

35. What suggestion of humor is there in scene iv?

36. Whom does Coriolanus seek out in Antium and how does he gain access to him?

37. What misrepresentation is Coriolanus guilty of, in his narration of his banishment?

38. Explain his words, "make my misery serve thy turn."

39. Is the alliance between Coriolanus and Aufidius a purely ironical feature of the play? Does the servants' conversation help to confirm this idea?

40. How are situations reversed in scene vi?

41. How do Cominius and Menenius lay the blame of the impending catastrophe upon the two Tribunes?

CORIOLANUS

Study Questions

42. In scene vii, what grievance has Aufidius in mind against Coriolanus?

43. Select three passages in this scene which are involved in their meaning.

ACT V

44. What success does Cominius meet with, upon his embassy to Coriolanus?

45. In what two ways does Menenius hope to secure an audience of Coriolanus?

46. What final expedient does Cominius suggest to win over Coriolanus, and where, previously, in this play, was it adopted?

47. To what extent, does Coriolanus carry his allegiance to the Volscians (scene ii)?

48. What goddess is referred to in the words of Coriolanus, "the jealous queen of heaven" (scene iii)?

49. Does Volumnia prevail upon Coriolanus more through her Roman prerogative as a mother or, by her plea for justice to the Roman people?

50. What future use is Aufidius planning to make of this scene?

51. What treachery does Aufidius practice on Coriolanus, upon their return to Antium? Is this consistent with the plot of the play?

52. What is the significance of Aufidius' addressing Coriolanus as "Marcius"?

53. What epithet rouses the anger of Coriolanus?

54. Explain "His fame folds in This orb o' the earth," lines 126-127, scene vi.

55. How does Coriolanus meet death?

56. To what overpowering trait does he owe his misfortunes and death?

57. In line 155, scene vi, what is the meaning of "noble memory"?

58. In this play, is it Shakespeare's purpose to descry democracy and praise aristocracy or, is his attitude an impartial one?



